

# The Inquirer.

A Weekly Journal of Liberal Religious Life and Thought.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3504.  
NEW SERIES, No. 608.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1909.

[ONE PENNY.

## NEW BOOKS.

Cr. 8vo, pp. 140, 2s. net.

### THE JEWISH RELIGION IN THE TIME OF JESUS

By Lie. Dr. G. HOLLMANN, of Halle.

Translated by EDWARD W. LUMMIS, M.A.

"A concise, well digested account of the results of recent investigations into its subject . . . and has a peculiar value as an introduction to a knowledge of the history of Judaism in the post-exilic period."—*Scotsman*.

Crown 8vo, pp. 152, 2s. net.

### CHURCH COUNCILS AND THEIR DECREES

By AMBROSE N. BLATCHFORD, B.A.

"MR. BLATCHFORD reviews the circumstances in which each Council was held, the issues it had before it, and the influence of its decisions; and manifests throughout both a clear understanding and a lucid power of exposition which entitle him to the gratitude of the theological student and inquirer."—*Bristol Mercury*.

Cr. 8vo, pp. 164, 2s. net.

### THE SOURCES OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.

By Prof. PAUL WERNLE, D.Theol., of Basle.

"The book contains much acute criticism and information by a very competent specialist."—*British Friend*.

Cr. 8vo, pp. 184, 2s. net.

### PAUL.

By Prof. Dr. W. WREDE.

Preface by J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D.D.

"Dr. Wrede's treatment of his subject is not only independent, but extremely fresh and interesting."—*Glasgow Herald*.

BOOK ROOM, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.

## The Sunday School Association

THE

## SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY.

Edited by Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.

A Magazine for Teachers, Senior Scholars, and other workers in our Sunday Schools.

Royal 8vo. 48 pages.

Price Threepence net. Postage 1d.

## "YOUNG DAYS."

Our Young People's Own Magazine,

Edited by Rev. J. J. WRIGHT, F.R.S.L.

PRICE ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

Annual Subscription, by Post, One Copy, 1s. 6d.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

MANCHESTER: H. RAWSON & Co., 16, New Brown Street.

LIVERPOOL: THE BOOKSELLERS' Co., 70, Lord Street.

## PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE TRACTS.

1. "Primitive Christianity and Modern Socialism." REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

2. "The Widest Door of the Soul." REV. T. RHONDDA WILLIAMS.

3. "Art and Individualism." HENRY HOLLIDAY. Specially designed cover page by R. F. Reynolds.

4. "The Social Meaning of the New Theology." DR. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A. With Portrait. Foreword by Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

1d. each. By post, 1½d. 25 for 1s. 6d., 50 for 3s., 100 for 6s., post free. Assorted if desired.

Shilling Edition of "The New Theology," by MR. CAMPBELL. By post, 1s. 2d. Six or more sent post paid; 13 to the dozen to branches for re-sale.

Cheap Edition of "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. WELLS. By post, 1s. 2d.

"In the Heart of Democracy," by ROBERT GARDNER, 3s. 6d. net. By post, 3s. 9d.

"Rules of Mental Cricket," by DR. FOAT. 2d. each, by post, 2½d.

"Charter of the Poor." Reprint of splendid articles on the Minority Report. 1d., 12 for 1s. 2d., 50 for 4s., 100 for 7s. 6d., post free.

Can be obtained from

The PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.

or from THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH CO., LTD., 133, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' MONTHLY.

## THE COMING DAY.

ENLARGED. PRICE THREEPENCE.

### Contents for AUGUST.

A Farewell to Little Portland Street.

Dreadnoughts or God?

Where are the Christians?

The Czar; Ruffian or Fool?

The Deterioration of Englishmen in India.

A Rebel's Case.

The Murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie.

Notes by the Way, &c.

Crutches for the Month.

A. C. FIFIELD, 44, Fleet-street, and all Booksellers.

## THE WIDER MEANING OF MODERNISM.

By the Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

With a PREFACE by the

Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., Oxon.

Price ONE PENNY.

NOTTINGHAM: H. B. SAXTON, KING STREET.

## The Inquirer.

AUGUST 14 contains articles on:—

"The Power of Personality in the Gospels."

"Afforestation and Unemployment," by W. PHIPSON BEALE, K.C., M.P. Sermon by Principal CARPENTER.

AUGUST 7—

"The Religion of Tennyson."

"The Super-Tramp."

"American Public Opinion and the Negro Problem."

JULY 31—

"Open-Air Religion."

"George Meredith's 'Hymn to Colour.'"

JULY 24—

"Father Tyrrell," by A. L. LILLEY.

"Social Service," by W. E. MARTLEY.

"Half-Timers: A Practical Inquiry."

JULY 17—

"The Church and the Social Conscience," Principal CARPENTER on the Geneva Celebration.

"Peace Mission to Germany."

Any of the above numbers post free 1½d.

3, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## Schools, etc.

CHANNING HOUSE HIGH SCHOOL AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. Head Mistress: Miss LILIAN TALBOT, B.A. Honours Lond. Preparation for London Matriculation, Trinity College, and Associated Board of Musicians. Healthy situation, Hockey, Cricket, and Swimming. Special terms for daughters of Unitarian ministers.—Apply to the HEAD MISTRESS.

LETCHWORTH SCHOOL, HERTS. Bracing climate; aims at developing health, intellect, and character. Thorough unbroken education from 6 years upwards. Boys taught to think and observe, and take interest in lessons. All religious opinions honourably respected. Outdoor lessons whenever possible. Experienced care of delicate boys. Well-equipped new buildings. Principal: J. H. N. STEPHENSON, M.A.

LANDUDNO. — TAN-Y-BRYN. Preparatory School for Boys, established 1893; on hillside overlooking centre of the Bay. Sound education under best conditions of health. Inspection cordially invited.

L. H. EDMINSON, M.A. (Oxon).

C. J. MONTGOMERY, M.A. (Oxon).

LADYBARN HOUSE SCHOOL, LTD., WORTHINGTON, near MANCHESTER. Preparatory School for Boys and Girls under 14.

Head Mistress, Miss M. S. BEARD.

Large playing-field and playground.

BOARDERS received, under the care of the HEAD MISTRESS.

WILLASTON SCHOOL, NANTWICH, CHESHIRE.—In the country, four miles from Crewe. Preparatory Department recently added. Boys admitted on the Foundation at half fees.—For particulars apply to the HEAD MASTER, or to the Clerk to the Governors, 38, Barton Arcade, Manchester.



## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

### SUNDAY, August 22.

#### LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. MARY A. SAFFORD.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed for repairs, reopens September 5.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. H. M. LIVENES.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate. Closed, reopens on September 5.  
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. STORR; 6.30, Mr. RONALD BARTRAM.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.  
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Mr. THOMAS ELLIOTT.  
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR; 7, Rev. J. E. PARMITER.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No Morning Service during August; 7, Mr. JOHN W. GALE.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. AMHERST D. TYSSSEN, D.C.L., M.A.; 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.  
 Little Portland-street Chapel. Closed. The Services will be resumed on Sunday, September 12, at University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. FREDERICK ALLEN.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. R. W. PETTINGER.  
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., and 6.30, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
 Wimbledon, Collegiate Hall, Worple-road, 7, Rev. G. PEGLER.  
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11, Mr. RONALD BARTRAM; 7, Mr. A. PHAROAH.  
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Angelsea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.  
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel (near the Knoll), Rydal-road, 11, Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON, M.A.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. YANDELL, of Maestricht, Holland.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.  
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. MORGAN DARE.  
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. OTTWEIL BINNS.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.  
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.  
 CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well Place, 11 and 7, Rev. J. FISHER JONES.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Mr. A. DEAKIN, of Burslem.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 noon.  
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN HOWARD.  
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER, B.A., "The World's Gain through Prayer."  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.

HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, Mr. WARD, of Guildford, 11, "Progressive Theology"; 6.30, "Call of God."  
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.  
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.  
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.  
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. L. PHALEN, of Fairhaven, U.S.A.  
 LIVERPOOL, Cluet-road, Sefton-Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.  
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. PERRIS.  
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN McDOWELL.  
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.  
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.  
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.  
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.  
 SHEFFIELD, Channing Hall, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. ATACK.  
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road. Services suspended during August.  
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station (side door), 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

#### GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11. Rev. GAEDNER PRESTON.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALM-FORTH.

#### DEATHS.

LOVERDO.—On August 11, at Brackencroft, Southcote - road, Bournemouth, Edith, daughter of T. W. Chaldecott and widow of D. C. Loverdo, in her 73rd year.  
 SHAKESPEARE.—On August 14, at Stratford House, Ilkerton, the Rev. William Shakespeare, in his 79th year.



To take a DALLI\* to his wife  
 And make her happy all her life,  
 Professor leaves his gamp behind,  
 For having DALLI\* on his mind.

\* "Dalli" the best, most simple and most comfortable way of ironing. Independent of stove and gas it can be used anywhere. Non-inflammable fuel without noxious fumes. No risk from fire; healthier and safer than any other iron. Price of the "Dalli" 6/-; "Dalli" Fuel 1/9 per box of 128 blocks. Of all Ironmongers and Stores. If any difficulty apply to: THE DALLI SMOKELESS FUEL Co., 4 and 6, Moor Lane, London, E.C.

## 19TH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY,

ADELAIDE PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE.

#### DIRECTORS.

Chairman—SIR ALEXANDER WALDEMAR LAWRENCE, Bart.  
 Deputy-Chairman—MARK H. JUDGE, A.R.I.B.A.  
 SIR WILLIAM CHANCE, F. H. A. HARDCASTLE Bart. F.S.I.  
 MISS CECIL GRADWELL. MISS ORME.  
 STEPHEN SEAWARD TAYLER.

## A SAFE AND SOUND INVESTMENT FOR LARGE OR SMALL SUMS.

**Save 5/- Monthly.** Subscription Preference Shares of £20 each are issued suitable for small investors. Payable 5/- monthly and they receive 4 per cent. interest.

Preference Shares of £10 each now receive 4 per cent. interest free of income tax.

Deposits received at 3 and 3½ per cent. free of income tax.

Investments are withdrawable at any time on short notice.

Repayments, Survey Fees, and Law Charges low. Prospectus free.

CHARLES A. PRICE, *Manager.*

## Situations.

### VACANT AND WANTED.

#### TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

**KYNOCH LIMITED** have **VACANCIES** in their Commercial Department for a few **YOUNG GENTLEMEN** of good Education and Manners. No Premium required. Term of Indentures four years.—Apply by letter only to the Secretary, Kynoch Limited, Witton, Birmingham.

## EXPERIENCED GOVERNESS

desires engagement, in or near London preferred. English, French, and advanced Music. Good references.—Apply GOVERNESS, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

**A YOUNG LADY**, age 23, desires entire charge of one or two young children in good family. Highest references.—ROYCE, Westleigh-road, Leicester.

## AS COMPANION HOUSEKEEPER

or **MATRON** in small Home. Fond of children and nursing. (Late housekeeper at the Rest House, Sidmouth.)—ADA RHODES, 105, St. Saviour's-road, Leicester.

**WANTED**, for household of elderly lady at Southport, a person to assist in general housework and sewing, and competent to do nursing if necessary.—Apply by letter to INQUIRER Office, stating age, experience, and salary required.

## SUMMER COSTUMES!—Charming

Irish Linen fabric, "FLAXZELLA." Wide range of colours, many art shades. Washable, durable, plain, stripes, or embroidered, from 7½d. yard. Patterns free.—Write HUTTON's, 5, Larne, Ireland.

## HANDKERCHIEFS!—Fine Irish

Linen, narrow hemstitched borders, Ladies' 2/6 dozen, Gentlemen's 3/9. Irish Linen Cream Damask Breakfast Cloths, 42 inches square, 1/- Postages 3d. Patterns free.—HUTTON's, 5, Larne, Ireland.

## PLUMS.—Pershore Egg Plums, 24 lbs.

4/6, 12 lbs. 2/9. Victoria, 24 lbs. 6/6, 12 lbs. 3/9. Carriage paid in England and Wales.—FRANK ROSCOE, Steeple Morden, Royston.

## "THE UNITARIAN MONTHLY."

Magazine for Unitarian Propaganda. Adopted by churches with or without local page. Issued for last Sunday in each previous month. One copy post free, 1½d.—1s. 6d. a year; 9d. per dozen; 3s. 6d. per 100; extra charge local page.—Address to EDITOR, The Parsonage, Mottram, Manchester.



# THE INQUIRER.

*A Weekly Journal of Liberal Religious Life and Thought.*

## CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	571	QUESTIONS AT ISSUE:—	SERMON:—
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:—		Second Sight and Poetic Vision . . . . .	Incompleteness. By Rev. Charles Har-
The Condition of England . . . . .	572	CORRESPONDENCE:—	grove, M.A. . . . .
"Jesus or Paul?" . . . . .	572	The Poetry of Mr. W. H. Davis . . . . .	579
LIFE, RELIGION AND AFFAIRS:—		BOOKS AND REVIEWS . . . . .	MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES:—
Gospels of Revolt . . . . .	573	"Italy in English Verse"—Nevinson's	Impressions of the B.O.B. Camp, 1909 . . . . .
Sidelights from the Rock of Cashel . . . . .	574	"Essays in Freedom"—"The White	The Unitarian Van Mission . . . . .
The Village Patriarch . . . . .	575	Prophet"—Bertholet's Transmigration of	581
		Souls—Short Notices.	NEWS OF THE CHURCHES . . . . .
			582
			NOTES AND JOTTINGS . . . . .
			583

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"A WONDERFUL issue to have come out of all these divisions, controversies, battles, bloodshed, devastation—out of all the horrors of war and the difficulties of peace. I do not believe the world shows anything like it." Such was the comment of Mr. Balfour on the South African Act of Union in the Second Reading debate on Monday, and the fine tribute which he paid to the constructive statesmanship which had conceived it and dared to take the risks. We may well feel a glow of patriotic pride that our country is capable of this magnanimous trust in free institutions. The birth of a nation is one of the most impressive spectacles in the whole pageant of history; and there can be no happier augury for its future strength and prosperity than this cordial recognition of the fact that it is a spiritual creation and not a mere human contrivance. The Third Reading was carried in the House of Commons on Thursday night without a division, after a vigorous protest against the colour bar, a provision, based as it is upon no intelligible principle of worth to the democracy, which we heartily deplore.

THE statistics of pauperism and unemployment for the year 1908-9, which have just been issued by the Local Government Board are very disquieting. The decline in the numbers receiving Poor Law relief in 1906 and 1907 has not been maintained. On January 1 the total number in receipt of Poor Law relief in England and Wales was 959,848, being an increase of 31,177 compared with the same date in 1908. The total number of children in receipt of relief at the same date was 253,775 as compared with 225,040. In the section dealing with the Unemployed Workmen's Act the report states that during the year ending March 31, 1909, the total number of applicants for work was 196,757 as compared with 90,057 the previous year. Of these only 88,190 were provided with work, being an increase, however, of 51,098 on the previous year. Assisted emigration and removals show a very remark-

able decline, only reaching the total of 1,547 as compared with nearly 7,000 in 1907-8. When every allowance is made for the prevalence of unusual trade depression during the period dealt with, these figures should cause the gravest public concern, and give a powerful stimulus to the demand for a remedy, unless we are prepared to accept the recurrence of periods of acute misery as the necessary price of our civilisation. But this is a theory which can only be tolerable to those who are not themselves miserable and are too sluggish in sympathy to share the miseries of other people.

AN interesting archæological "find" was reported in the newspapers of Wednesday. It is nothing less than the discovery near Peshawar of what is supposed to be a portion of the remains of Gautama Buddha. The discovery has been made by Dr. Spooner, of the Indian Archæological Department, during the excavation of a pagoda built by Kanishka, the great Buddhist emperor of Northern India, in order to preserve the sacred relics. Dr. Spooner has found in this pagoda a stone burial-chamber, and inside it a bronze casket ornamented with delicate carving and inscriptions. Within was a smaller casket containing three small pieces of charred bone, which Dr. Spooner believes are genuine relics of the Buddha.

THE discovery is arousing an extraordinary degree of interest among devout Buddhists, and there seems no reason to suspect anything in the nature of a pious fraud. Indeed, all the circumstances, so far as they can be known before the report of the Archæological survey comes to hand, seem to preclude that possibility. Mr. L. D. Barnett, head of the department of Oriental Books and Manuscripts at the British Museum, sees no reason, it is stated, to be sceptical. "Of course," he said, in the course of an interview, "Peshawar is famous for its frauds, but still forgers cannot have unearthed a whole temple. These relics are from a centre which figured prominently in early Indian history, and they will be of considerable value to science. We want all the information we can obtain about the times of Buddha and Kanishka, because the changes brought about in those days were of great importance to Indian development."

THE Church Pastoral Aid Society sent out recently about 800 circulars to the clergy in charge of poor parishes receiving grants from its funds, advising that the practice of raising money for religious purposes by dances, theatricals, and bridge and whist drives should be discouraged in every possible way, because such methods are a "serious menace to the spiritual influence of the Church." The secretary of the Society announces that a most gratifying response has been received to this appeal. We welcome most cordially this strong public stand against a growing tendency to regard all means as legitimate which help to raise money for the maintenance of worship and religious work. It is a temptation to which small churches, each struggling with its own problem of poverty, are exposed in a peculiar degree. Many of these things belong, it is true, to the minor moralities, but few people, who care deeply for the religious atmosphere of the Church, will maintain that they are expedient.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, who died on Wednesday in his 93rd year, may be described as the last of the Victorians, in the distinctive sense that he was the last representative of the literary courtier. His selection to write the Life of the Prince Consort threw him much into the society of Queen Victoria, though it must be remembered, much to the credit of the Queen, that she urged him "to tell the truth, no matter whom it hurts." The biography was not a success; it was too long, and it betrayed too clearly a desire to defend the Prince at all points in face of some legitimate English prejudices. It is seldom even heard of now. In other departments of literary activity Sir Theodore Martin had a reputation as a translator of unusual ability, and as the collaborator with the late Professor Aytoun in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Like some other men of more than average gifts, he was remarkable chiefly for his memories and his friends. He could remember Sir Walter Scott; he was the intimate of Thackeray and Dickens, and he married Miss Helen Faucit. "His career on the whole," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "has been one of distinction, but no important interests, whether literary or political, will be affected by his death, and the only feeling it awakens is one of disinterested regret."



## EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

## THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

THE England which confronts the challenge of a new century—it is this which Mr. MASTERMAN has attempted to paint for us in the strange series of social pictures and estimates, which he calls “The Condition of England.” Many readers will follow it to the last line with absorbing interest, and as they close the book they will ask, What does it mean? Why did he write it? For here is no prophetic vision of the future, or gospel of social healing, but just a picture of things as they are seen by a spectator, who has separated himself from the struggle in order to watch it. No doubt, there is in Mr. MASTERMAN’S attitude something of a literary pose, but there is also a kind of violent faithfulness to the conditions of scientific observation. The result is something which is hardly human in its glaring lights and unrelieved shadows. The various slabs of the social fabric, the conquerors, the suburbans, the multitude, the prisoners in the hives of industry, are detached for separate scrutiny, and the quality and tendency of their life, as a class exposed nakedly to view. But generalisations on the large scale which Mr. MASTERMAN has attempted are as dangerous as they are attractive, especially when they are made with a deliberate suppression of the sympathies which are so requisite for social insight and divination.

In saying this we do not mean to warn our readers against the book, or to hint even for one moment that it may be neglected. Nothing could be further from our intention. Not only is it a brilliant piece of literature; it contains a great deal of hard thinking as well, and a presentation of social facts and their significance, which it will be easier to ignore than to refute. The only people we would advise not to read it are those who wish to be at peace with themselves in the midst of their own comfort. “The same resistance, the same overthrow, is being revealed here,” Mr. MASTERMAN tells us, “as Mr. FIELDING HALL discovered in a Far East, and so unforgettably stamped into literature, in his picture of the passing of the soul of Burma before a conquering imperialism and a vigorous commercial development.” It is this passing of the soul of England which he attempts to describe for us—its transformation into something different, under the pressure of industrial conditions which select a few for great wealth, which they do not know how to use, and as surely condemn the crowd to a hard struggle for existence, unrelieved by any promise of material or spiritual fruition. He is one of those who refuse, as he says, to take “opium.” He wants to see and to understand, and to pay, if need be, the price of disillusionment rather than drug himself

with sentimental optimism. It is easy from the vantage ground of a comfortable paradise to cry that all is well with the republic; but it is the part of an honest man to forswear the drug habit, and to do his best to see facts as they are, and whither we are drifting.

As we should expect from his well-known proclivities, Mr. MASTERMAN has a good deal to say about religion, though again with only the slightest possible indication of his own preferences and loyalties. He sees that for a small number of people the life of the spirit may receive nurture from philosophy or literature, but for the great majority it can only come from Religion. “The question of the survival of a Religion—in the most liberal interpretation of the term—is the question of the survival of any extra-material ideal in the civilisation of the twentieth century.” He notices the almost feverish activity of the Churches, their social work, their efforts to attract, but he gives it as his deliberate conviction that “present belief in religion, as a conception of life dependent upon supernatural sanctions, or as a revelation of a purpose and meaning beyond the actual business of the day, is slowly but steadily fading from the modern city race.” It is not, he thinks, the result of any intelligible process. The world is not becoming atheist. “It is ceasing to believe, without being conscious of the process, until it suddenly wakes up to the fact that the process is complete.” An analysis of the causes for this failure of religion would take us too far at the present moment. We agree with Mr. MASTERMAN that intellectual difficulties have far less to do with it than the rapid growth of towns and the conditions of life and labour in them, “their machinery and their confusion.” It is not, for instance, scientific materialism, or the perplexities of criticism which are responsible for the state of things described in the following passage, most pathetic in its picture of religious vacancy and the sense of baffled spiritual yearning, seeking for some symbol of a richer and more wonderful world. “The modern city crowd . . . demand excitement, adventure; the vision of that physical activity and control which is denied to themselves. To make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is the ideal of the lower physical energies. To establish two football contests where only one existed is the transmutation of it into terms of the soul. A young workman from Sheffield, confronted with the prospect of certain and speedy death, journeys to London by the mid-night train to see the final Cup Tie. On his return he takes to his bed. In his last moments he asks his mother to so place the Wednesday colours that he might see them, exclaiming, ‘I am glad I have lived to see good old Wednesday win the Cup.’ And so he died.”

We need not affirm in this place our profound conviction, that the failure of religion means the failure of our civilisation. But it is quite possible to be an uncompromising optimist about the future of Religion and Christianity without ignoring these facts, and all that they imply of almost irretrievable failure in ourselves. The methods and traditions of English Christianity no longer guide and inspire the England of to-day as it stands revealed to us. The Churches move restlessly, as though they were dimly conscious of it, and then they turn back to more familiar tasks. There a fiery prophet seeks to galvanise dead watchwords into life. Here a mild enthusiast hugs the strange belief that if religion is composed of simple ingredients and administered in small doses, men will at once hail it as the elixir of life. And the careless world goes unheeding by, for in neither does it find what it needs to win its heart and help its desire. If Mr. MASTERMAN’S book, peopled as it is with haunting shadows instead of visions of joy, can awaken the Churches of this land from the delusions of the drug habit to earnest and constructive thought on the present discontents, we may forgive the gloom in the greatness of the blessing.

## “JESUS OR PAUL?”

“JESUS OR PAUL?” is the title, more striking than attractive, of a small volume by Dr. ARNOLD MEYER, of Basle, which has been added recently to HARPER’S Library of Living Thought. Dr. MEYER, however, should not be held responsible for the superficial rhetoric of the question. It lay ready to his hand, both in the arguments of learned writers and the popular literature of rationalism; and the answer which he has given to it, moderate yet emphatic, was needed in the interest of Christian faith and of a sane judgment of personal forces in history. There are few figures which it is so easy to isolate as St. PAUL. The detachment of his spiritual experience and the masterful interpretation which he gave to the interior forces of the Gospel in his own soul, have led many writers in recent times to look upon him as a lonely portent, who did not so much explain the spiritual contents of the primitive Christian movement as put something new and original of his own in their place. But if that be so, is not Christianity, as we know it, the creation of St. PAUL, and should not he be regarded as its real founder? This is the question with which Dr. MEYER deals in this able, popular essay. He faces it with boldness, and in the opening chapter on “the problem” does nothing to smooth the edges or round the corners of the difficulty. But a few pages further on he shows that the way out is not very hard to find, in the suggestion that St. PAUL “was, perhaps



unconsciously, more strongly influenced by the Primitive Community than he himself believed, and that he probably knew considerably more about the life and sayings of our LORD than appears from his epistles." This does not seem a very large concession to make to probability; but, if it is once allowed, we have a firm basis for two of the most characteristic things about St. PAUL, his ardent and passionate devotion to the person of CHRIST, and the reflection of the character of CHRIST in the ethical quality and ideal of his teaching. Dr. MEYER would have added force to his argument if he had written more fully than he has done on these two significant facts. But perhaps the very moderation of his position will help to produce some change of opinion where it is most needed; while the religious warmth, which pervades his writing, will give fresh value to the mystical elements in St. Paul, which are so close to the central heart of things.

For history the cross is the symbol of an event which took place long ago, but for religion it is sacrificial grace and power in the soul. In the mind of St. PAUL history was at once transmuted into terms of religious value and spiritual experience. This is the source of the difficulty which he creates for the literal mind, and of the response which he evokes wherever the gift is given to read the symbolic language of the spirit. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" they asked long ago. "How can this man live in us?" we ask to-day, with the same note of triumphant rationalism. And yet generation after generation the words are repeated in fresh accents of wonder and gratitude—"It is not I that live, but CHRIST that liveth in me." For those who make this confession, religion is not a creed, or a doctrine, or a theory; their religion is a Person. And we fancy that St. PAUL was of the same opinion. "To every simple Christian," Dr. MEYER writes at the close of his book, "among which we theologians ought also to be numbered—there lies open the practical way by which we may be led through PAUL, CEPHAS, or JOHN, through LUTHER and ZWINGLI, through witnesses of ancient and modern days, through parents, teachers, and friends, through husband and wife, to the joyous love and faith, and to the unquenchable light of the noble and enthralling Personality of JESUS, whence such joyous love and faith ever derive fresh sustenance. And whosoever abideth in this love abideth in God and God in him."

## LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

### GOSPELS OF REVOLT.

GREAT men teach revolutionary doctrines, and for this reason, despite the progress of thought, they are often as much feared as they are misunderstood. The one thing which the ordinary mind dreads

is change, and, although we live in a perpetual state of fluxation, tossed about on a stream of tendencies that brought us hither but to whirl us hence, human beings strive to fetter their reason with rigid laws and unalterable dogmas which menace the freedom of thought and action at every turn. New facts and ideas, whether proclaimed by the preacher, the scientist, the philosopher, the artist, or the prophet in the wilderness, are opposed with a fierceness which would be contemptible if it were not so pathetic; and it is safe to say that, as a rule, none are more bitterly execrated by the mass of humanity than those who spend their lives in trying to rescue a potent truth from the sloughs of ignorance and hypocrisy. One has but to mention the names of Darwin and Galileo, of Lincoln and Luther, of Socrates and Savonarola, of Gautama, and Jesus of Nazareth, to prove this statement. Genius is always misunderstood, and no sooner does a man of extraordinary imagination give utterance to some thought which seems to run counter to our established canons of morality, than the ranks of the Philistines at once close up, while indignant epithets are hurled by the supporters of orthodoxy at the bold individual who refuses to conform to average opinion. At the root of this dismay is undoubtedly the old primitive terror of the unknown and the untried which can be traced through all the religious creeds of the past, coupled with a passionate desire to retain the ideas and habits to which we are accustomed, instinctive with all who have not penetrated to the heart of life. And certainly the worshippers of "Use and Wont" are justified in supposing that their temple walls will totter if these intellectual Samsons get a grip upon the pillars! Every original thinker is a danger to society as it is at present constituted, but if men seek to silence the prophets by denunciations of their methods of instructing the race, their fury will recoil upon their own heads in the withering scorn of a Carlyle, a Shelley, an Ibsen, an Isaiah, a Nietzsche, or an Emerson. The Apostle of the True, whether we like his language or not, insists on saying the thing he was meant to say, and eventually the gods will not be on the side of those who, like George Meredith's foolish egoist, try to pit their own antiquated and pretentious notions of life against the creative forces that are moulding human destiny.

Few of us, however, are quite free from that over-cautious temper which so often makes even broad-minded people close their ears to the message of some modern idealist whose manner of expressing himself does not, at first, attract them. We are, for instance, inclined to say, before we have sufficiently studied their works, that Maeterlinck is "too morbid," and Tolstoy "too fanatical"; that Chesterton has no "depth," and that Bernard Shaw has no "sentiment." We are too ready to declare that Wells is "unpractical," that Campbell is "inconsistent," and that Blatchford has "incorrect notions" in regard to free-will and Christianity; while Meredith's style is "so difficult to master" that it puts him out of court altogether. This is mild criticism to which none of these men could object after the abuse which they have all received in other

quarters, but it is often as effectual as "faint praise" for the purpose of condemnation, and one cannot help thinking that it would be better if, in speaking of such writers, one could put *the desire to get them read* above the natural disposition to indicate our own opinions about them too speedily. After all, it is much more important that people should be induced to form their *own* conclusions than that they should be "warned off" dangerous ground where the seeds of revolt may be sprouting, and in any case the fact that no two men of genius think alike is the clearest proof that not even a great mind is capable of grasping and embodying more than one general aspect of Truth. It is as if several people were looking out of different windows, from which they could all admire the same view, but at varying angles. Here and there a pane is, perhaps, cracked or blurred, and it may be that in some cases it would be better to throw open the window and do away with the barrier of glass altogether. But it is not for us to blame those who fail to act in such a sensible manner, for they have, at least, described, to the best of their ability, the wonderful things they have seen as they gazed out with imaginative eyes over the realms of experience and emotion.

Emerson, in his stirring appeal to the self-reliant spirit in man (an appeal which has in it the scorn and vigour, though it has not the brutality and spitefulness which we associate with Nietzsche), reminds one over and over again, that the consistent and conformable individual is the slave of a dead order. There is a higher duty, he insists, even than the duty to friends and kindred, country or creed, and that is one's duty to oneself. "What a dangerous doctrine!" people say, forgetting that Christ himself taught no other; for when he said "The kingdom of God is within you," he gave dignity to the meanest man alive, showing his brethren how they must turn from all priests and counsellors whatsoever, to search in their own souls for the justification of their thoughts and actions. Like all great teachers and idealists, he inexorably sacrificed those who loved him, and sought to prevent him from following "the light," to the passion for truth which consumed him; and now, nearly two thousand years after his death, people are just beginning to understand that it is only as the result of intense self-realisation and self-expression that a man finds the secret of his life's purpose.

The efforts of a writer to be popular are, as a rule, a proof of mediocrity, but it does not follow that a contempt for the multitude is always a sign of greatness. The man who advances along new lines of thought, however, must accept and even welcome the world's displeasure, as the followers of St. Francis accepted and welcomed poverty. Men love not "realities and creators, but names and customs," and they see in the fearless thinker anarchy personified. Such sayings as *Take no thought for the morrow, Nothing can bring you peace but yourself, The secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously, The fire which enlightens is also the fire which consumes, With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do, If man is to rise to nobleness he must first be slain, Whatever we take from the skies we find again in the heart of man,*



confuse and alarm the unreflective, because it is impossible to reconcile them with the sententious maxims which regulate the daily conduct of the majority. They cannot understand what it is that makes the poet and the artist, with the vision of "Eternal Beauty wandering on her way" always before them, so impatient of people who are proud of their "respectability." Neither can they tolerate the anger of a writer who dares to "affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times." The ideal prophet, for them, is one who prophesies smooth things, and they dislike beyond measure the modern habit of looking behind effects for the causes of which they are the outcome. But in spite of all this the daemonic forces rule the world, and certainly no writer who is afraid to utter his thought, even when it shatters the dearest beliefs of his generation, can be sure of immortality. He cannot even be sure of retaining his own self-respect, and that, in the last resort, is what he *must* keep, or perish. It is hard to suffer persecution for your refusal to conform to popular opinion, but it is harder still to bear the condemnation of that inner judge, who never slumbers for long, after an act of propitiation to the gods of expediency and custom. Insincerity, like murder, will out, and it is better for a new idea to emerge crudely and violently than for mankind to be left ignorant of truth. That, at least, is what the great thinkers have always believed, and perhaps it is not a bad thing for us to be frequently reminded, in this age of transition, when old theories and hypotheses are being challenged every hour, that ideas are not less likely to be true because they are startling, and that "all the great revolutions in men's lives are made in thought."

### SIDELIGHTS FROM THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

In the midst of what is rightly named the Golden Vale of Tipperary—in Ireland, the true Ireland of the South—rises a lofty, isolated rock. On its summit are the remains of a royal stronghold, and the ruins of what once were an abbey and cathedral of magnificence unsurpassed in the country. Away on every side stretch green plains, ringed in by distant mountains; and eleven roads come to meet in a dirty, poverty-stricken village huddled against the rock. Here are many ruins other than those which crown the Rock itself, ruins of cottages even in the main street; yet this village once was Cashel of the Kings, the city of the Kings who ruled Munster.

In Ireland the traditions of the past are still living forces in the hearts of the people. In England it is not so; for better, for worse, we are able to forget. No one is moved by the story of Sedgmoor and the horrors of the Western Assize which followed, as in Tipperary our guide is moved when he tells us, with a real passion, how Cromwell's general, Inchiquin, burnt fifty clergy. Yet it is more than two hundred and fifty years since Inchiquin and his Roundheads were here. What Englishman knows the tale of "the city of the violated treaty"? But a monument in Limerick still keeps

alive the memory of that pledge shamefully broken, when an English general promised civil and religious liberty to Roman Catholics. How the promise was kept, the Penal Code which crushed the Irish Catholics for two centuries would tell us, if we had not forgotten that there ever was such a code. At the base of the farthest line of mountains visible from the Rock is a glint of silver. It is the river Suir, which winds down to Waterford by those mountains. All along its banks are ruins of churches and castles and monasteries, eleven of the latter within the space of six miles near Clonmel, a small decaying town whose roofs can just be seen from Cashel. If you ask the people how all these came to be lying in ruins, the answer is always the same, "Sure, the English destroyed them." It is not true historically, but that is irrelevant. These people "hug the memory of a treasured wrong," as one of themselves has said.

There are bitter memories of times much later than those to which the ruined walls bear witness. On every one of the roads traversing these plains, a murder was committed at one period or another during the thirty-five years which followed the famine. The visitor naturally presses the question "Why?" He sees that the people are kindly, and favourably disposed towards the stranger. Why this long wave of disorder and crime, which gained for Tipperary an unenviable notoriety? In answer, they tell the story of the Famine as they have received it. Economic laws do not concern them; all they know is that, while the people were dying on the roads from starvation, wagons laden with corn were passing to Clonmel, guarded by soldiers to keep the peasants from taking the precious grain by force. Later, when famine and fever had done their work, the people were few, labour was scarce, and it did not pay the landlords to till the ground. It was better to get rid of the peasants, and turn the ground into pasture. So there were evictions; whole families, often hardly recovered from the diseases which followed the famine, were turned on to the roads. They tell again how the landlords were not content with the slow process of destroying a cottage by pick and crowbar: in such haste were they to have the ground clear, that one of them invented a machine for unroofing the cabins. Perhaps these stories, forgotten by us, but alive and burning in the hearts of the people, partly account for deeds of violence done in the Golden Vale. They may even suggest something that will half explain that newer group of ruins, hardly to be glimpsed on the far horizon, which are now all that is left of the famous "New Tipperary."

All is changed now, the stranger thinks. There is the Land Court, the Agricultural Department, and all the Acts which have been passed to restore peace and prosperity in Ireland. It is so; but still these walls remind us of years that are not dead. Even as the mists brood on their mountains and cling to the wooded slopes of their glens, so do the people of Ireland brood over that shadowy past when Cashel was in its glory.

But there are more reasons for misunderstanding than the forgetfulness on our side, and the brooding memories on theirs.

"Sure, you come from 'foreign,' and it's hard for you to understand," said an old man. We have given to Ireland what is called "law and order," and we try to train the people for a life of monotonous prosperity. The people do not welcome this; and, when we remember their history, we understand why. The history of Ireland is a history of strife. Long before any foreign invader trod on Irish soil, Irish churches were burnt and Irish clergy massacred by men of their own blood. It was the strife between rival tribes which first opened the land to the foreigner, whether Dane or Norman. The Danes came first, and fought their way up the Suir valley almost to Clonmel, aided by dissensions among the native chiefs. After the Danes came the Normans, and again there was fierce fighting up and down the valley. Some of the many ruined castles on its banks date from Strongbow's time, notably one now standing in a farmyard, with cows sheltered in the keep which once held men-at-arms. The Norman invaders became in the slow process of time transformed into Irish chiefs, but still the constant strife went on. South-east of Cashel rises a hill with a stretch of wooded land at its foot. This was a place of refuge during the many generations of fighting between the Geraldines and the Butlers, the chiefs who ruled at Kilkenny and those who held the Suir valley from their stronghold at Carrick. The battles were fierce and bloody, hence, as a concession to humanity, this strip of woodland was held to be neutral ground. The defeated party could take refuge there; and a power stronger than legal prohibition forbade the victor to carry the pursuit within its boundaries.

Then Cromwell came, and led his soldiers in triumph from Waterford to Clonmel. Of his doings, even English readers do not need to be reminded. But we do not easily realise how deep is the hatred still felt towards him in this southern Irish land. The "curse of Cromwell" is still the heaviest that can be launched by one man against another. All the harm ever done by Dane or Norman, or by their own chiefs, is laid to his account; so that if we ask why castle or church lies in ruin, the invariable answer is "Crummle (*sic*) destroyed it." His figure has become a half grotesque bogey, standing for a human incarnation of that Spirit of Evil, with whom he was believed to be in alliance.

All these things belong to the distant past. For many years the Golden Vale has not even been distinguished, in the technical language of the Irish Government, as a "disturbed area." Are the people grateful? "It's mighty dull times now the police have put down thim faction fights," said an old man, standing at the door of his mountain cabin, looking down on Clonmel. He had been telling of the times when the faction fights, which in fact took the place of the old tribal conflicts and wars between rival houses, were a form of popular recreation; when the men of Waterford and the men of Tipperary met in the streets of Clonmel, and engaged in contest to see which were the better fighters.

These prolonged periods of warfare and private feuds were, of course, destructive of all opportunities of material prosperity. But when in some quarters we hear rejoicings over the *pax Britannica*, which



has been established in Ireland, we are reminded of the old peasant on the mountain, and of all the long story of strife to which the Rock of Cashel bears witness; and then we cease to wonder that a people cannot be made over again even in a hundred years. The Irish people love excitement, and variety, and "times are dull." The young folk are not here, they are going away, "out foreign," in search of a more exciting life. We met one party, on their way down the mountains to the nearest station. Later in the same day we met the party who had escorted the emigrants. They were returning home with slow and in some cases, unhappily, very unsteady feet. Yet what wonder? We thought of the dreary mountain cabins, and the loneliness waiting for the old folk.

Stimulus of some sort the people must have, for the race is emotional and lives by feeling. So they turn to the two sources of consolation still left, the Catholic Church and the public-house. By naming these two institutions together, I simply mean that they represent respectively the highest and the lowest stimulus available for the Irish peasant. Often the spiritual side is the stronger, and in the ritual of the Mass he finds something which at once consoles and stimulates him. Just as often the lower passion is dominant, and hence the public-house is a frequent and a flourishing institution in these lonely, distressful villages.

One of the oldest of the many legends which cling round the Rock of Cashel tells how, in the dim ages before history began, a people called the Tuatha Danaan lived in the land, and a Danaan prince ruled at Cashel. Even in that far-off time the land was subject to foreign invasion, but the Danaan prince had powers far beyond those of later rulers. If at any time an enemy landed on the sacred shores of Erin, a mist, called up by magic arts, would hide all things from the strangers' sight, and after blind wandering in the fog, all would perish at last. No such magic mist now hides the outward appearance of things from English official or English visitor. But there is a real fog hiding the hearts of the people, a fog of misunderstanding, denser than any called up by magic power in far-off days. Whether it will ever be cleared away, and English and Irish talk openly together, depends chiefly on two things. The people of Ireland must learn at last to face the duties of the present and the future, and cease to hug the memory of a treasured wrong. The people of England, on their side, must set themselves to unlearn many of their prejudices. Above all, they must realise that it is neither desirable nor possible to mould another race, so alien to themselves in all the stronger characteristics of their religious and emotional life, into forms dictated by their own national temperament.

### THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

We are spending our summer holiday at a quiet village close by the sea. We were domiciled for the time being at the village post office. It was situated at the four cross roads. Our shop not only sold stamps, but also the necessities of life, as well as an infinite variety of other things.

In front of us was the sea, separated from us by a couple of fields, and hidden from view by the tall chalk cliffs. Behind us the country was beautifully wooded. We used frequently to wander amongst the bracken on a sultry afternoon, and boil our kettle under the shade of the spruce trees. Ours was a point of vantage. From our sitting-room window on the first floor we could see everything going on in the village worth knowing anything about. True, the great stretch of common was behind us; but in front of us also there was a patch of grass, with a pond which never dried up; and the few geese that resorted to it seemed more aristocratic than their more numerous neighbours in the rear, judging from the way in which they pointed their noses in the air and cackled as if mincing their words. This, however, is pure speculation on the part of one who is but imperfectly acquainted with goose language.

Each evening a kind of parliament was held on the open space in front of our window. Where the men came from I could not understand. We never saw them in the daytime. The argument never rose to high levels of oratory, because the leaders of thought in the village were so busily engaged during those precious days of August. They had to make hay while the sun shone, and for them the sun shone, figuratively, both by night and day for the time being. These parliaments held in the twilight were always interesting and at times rather animated; but the village patriarch was never present at them, and therefore the conclusions arrived at were never wholly conclusive. The local Solon was in public evidence only during the day while the sun shone. He was a man with a mighty frame, and he crawled along slowly with two sticks.

On the far side of the road opposite our window there was a low wall; and on this old Giles used to sit both morning and afternoon, basking himself in the sun, smoking his claypipe, and discoursing with authority on a variety of subjects relating to village life and rustic interests. Mr. Giles lived with his married daughter in a neat little semi-detached cottage only a few yards away. Punctually at noon he hobbled home for dinner and a subsequent siesta, and reappeared in the middle of the afternoon prepared to discourse for the ten thousandth time on the usual themes. He was the village historian. No one ever thought of going behind his statements. He was nearly ninety, and seemed to remember everything that ever happened thereabouts during the past eighty years. If he thought anyone doubted his word he withered him with his look of scorn and contempt. As one looked at the dimensions of his frame, his broad back, his massive hands, his shaggy head set on a neck which reminded one of a Doric pillar, one could imagine what work he was capable of when for him the days were young.

I introduced myself to him in the following manner. I was sitting at my window one afternoon, when I heard old Giles shuffle across the road, and exchange greetings with the postmaster. He slowly seated himself on the low wall in the sun, placed his sticks by his side, pulled out his tobacco pouch, and began to prime his pipe.

Here was my opportunity. I went out to him, and invited him to sample a pipeful of my London tobacco. This he condescended to do unhesitatingly.

"Ah! Lunnon baccy, is it? Lor, I smoked a tidy bit o' that sort last year, an' 'mazin' fine 't wos. Yow wonder, I s'pose, how I got it. Well, I'll tell ye. There wor a gent a-stayin' in the same rumes as yow are, an' he come fro' Lunnon. He used to come here an' talk politics wi' me; an' he gave me a pipeful o' baccy jest as yow ha' done, an' I up an' told him what grand stuff 't wos. What d'yow think he did? Well, he wrote to Lunnon for half-a-pound tin 'specially for me, an' afore he left he guve me another. Ay, an' wha's more, he guve my darter two or t'ree pounds o' real stingo tea. I'm a-wonderin' whether yow ha' got as good a brand o' baccy as his."

He used his finger like the ramrod of a muzzle-loading fowling-piece, and after pulling a whiff or two, he pronounced my tobacco as every bit as good, "and p'r'aps a little better'n Mr. So-and-so's." Of course, I felt flattered, and often after that invited Mr. Giles to help himself, as a favour to be conferred upon me, from my pouch.

Wreathed in tobacco smoke, we opened up a characteristic conversation. He told me about farming sixty and seventy years ago; how he went courting, and how much money he earned when he got married. He brought up a large family of children on but a few shillings a week, and outlived them all save two. He remembered the time when the churchyard yonder was said to be haunted by a ghost; and he was the only man in the village brave enough to walk through it alone in the dead of night, but he took care to carry a loaded blunderbuss with him, and he saw no ghosts. In his young days he was glad to get black rye-bread to eat; and in the hard frosty weather a rancid-tasting old seagull was hailed as a dainty for helping to get down a dry stale crust.

"An' I bean't a-goin' to say 'at I never trapp'd a rabbit now an' agin, when my wife an' children wor starvin'. What would yow ha' done, Gaffer?" Yes, what would I have done? What would you, dear reader, have done? We will not put the answer in print; but we will compare notes when we meet.

He continued to work as a farm labourer until he was nearly eighty years of age, and then rheumatism so crippled him that he was of no use to anybody. Then, as a reward for all that he had faithfully done for the benefit of the community, the guardians generously allowed him the magnificent pension of three shillings per week, on which to live sumptuously for the rest of his life.

He wondered whether that old age pension about which he had heard people talk would ever come to pass in his lifetime. I hope it did, and that old Giles will continue to sit in the sun during the summer months for at least a few more years, linking up the past with the present, and making his hearers feel that however incomplete our life is to-day, it is at any rate an improvement upon the conditions which prevailed less than a century ago.

During the winter months old Giles was for the most part a captive within doors.



And weary indeed must have been the hours, for the tempests rage wildly on that east coast, and the wind howls its dirges of disaster and death. The old man could not read. Education in his young days was thought little of. What did a clodhopper want to read and write for? At as early an age as possible he was set to scare crows or watch sheep. So in those dull days he was forced to live in memories, until his son-in-law brought odd scraps of news home at night. You might almost have expected him to denounce in unbridled terms the system which was responsible for his dependent and comparatively uninteresting old age; but his heart was too full of thankfulness for not having to spend his last days in the workhouse where so many of his old pals were.

"I don't know," said he one day when basking in the sun, "when this old clock-work inside o' me is a-goin' to run down, but I'm ready whenever the Lord is. I hain't got it on my mind 'at I ever did anybody much harm; an' I feel 'at I've had such hard times i' this life 'at I ought to have a rare good time i' the next. The Old Book say as how Gord is no respecter o' persons, an' so maybe He'll level the despised ones sich as me up a bit in kingdom-come. I'm thankful, too, 'at there'll be no pauper's funeral for me, 'cause my darter's a-payin' inter a burial club, an' I'm sartin there are six strong chaps i' this willage what'll put on black an' carry old John Giles' box o' bones to the churchyard. Howsomever, I daresay you'd rather talk about the livin' 'an the dade, wouldn't ye?" And then he began to greet a bevy of goslings which came to pry with a noisy curiosity into our gossip.

## QUESTIONS AT ISSUE.

### SECOND SIGHT AND POETIC VISION.

BY PROF. FRANK GRANGER, LITT.D.

THE other day a gentleman, to me hitherto unknown, wrote a letter which, without breaking the seal of privacy, I will in part quote and discuss. Some years ago I said that I had never come across a person who had seen a phantom of the dying, although I had frequently reached such stories within one remove from the subject of them. And my correspondent reminded me of this, and furnished me with two most striking instances. "My wife," he says, "invariably sees any relative at the time of dying; sometimes this happens in the open air, sometimes in the house, in fact wherever she may be." For a long time he did not attach much importance to these stories. But in his letter, he described in detail the two instances which convinced him. And they would, I think, have convinced most people. It is not my intention to quote my correspondent's letter further. Firstly, because of the private character of the communication; secondly, because these occurrences are sufficiently frequent and verified to make it reasonably probable that phantoms of the dying are seen by certain persons at the time of death. For my own part I am content to accept the judgment of the most careful students

of these things; namely, that our knowledge of the thoughts and acts of the dead does not go beyond these appearances. Now in thus limiting the facts of which for the moment I am going to take account, it is not that one must deny the possibility of the occurrences which form the staple of the spiritualist, or which occupy the Society for Psychical Research. But the whole method of these two bodies of persons seems to rest upon a genuine misapprehension of the unusual persons and occurrences to which they direct themselves.

The lady, then, whose experiences have been thus communicated, is gifted with second sight. This is, of course, no new thing, but it is impressive when it is brought home to us here and now. This impressiveness, however, tends to disturb the balance of the judgment. The spiritualist, when he makes his religion out of blended truth and fiction, and the psychical researcher, when he makes his science out of blended truth and fiction, alike overlook the great and controlling fact of difference between one human being and another: and they fix their gaze upon a few outlandish points of likeness. It is as if one were to make a religion or a science out of the fact that you could find a great mathematician many centuries ago in Pythagoras, or a century ago in George Green of Nottingham. Because a few persons are gifted with mathematical powers or second sight, it does not follow that every one is able to see visions, any more than that Pythagoras and George Green are types of what we shall all become under the thumbscrew of the Board of Education. Hence second sight is not necessarily available for the purposes to which the spiritualist would put it, or even for the uses to which the Society of Psychical Research would put it. You cannot teach second sight. It may turn out that one day there will be a science of phantoms. But science does not seem the right word here. Mother's love is more wonderful and infinitely more wide-spread than second sight. But as yet there is no science of mother's love. Second sight is like mother's love in one respect; it rests upon some hidden foundation. And when psychical research has dealt with the problems which lie upon the surface of human nature, it will be time to talk about these deep matters. Huxley used to be frightened when he read about psychical research. This circumstance does credit to Huxley's power of judgment. Spiritualism and psychical research rest upon an unsound foundation. They suppose that one personality is transparent to another; whereas personalities are hidden almost impenetrably except at the touch of the spirit of God, whether this spirit appears as human love, or poetic genius. And the spirit of God, we are told, blows where it likes. For my own part, I should not expect to see traces of it in a séance so much as in a tramcar or on the pavement, where one catches glimpses of the love and self-sacrifice that keep this earth in its orbit.

Hitherto psychical research is a long story of disappointment. Not only so, it is attended by danger. For it is an outcrop of morbid psychology. Here are two instructions given by a leading psychologist, in order

to show how you may observe what goes on in your own mind. If you wish to understand how your will works, you are instructed to will something which you know to be impossible. In order to understand how you know things, you are instructed to try to see something which contradicts your actual experience. To play such tricks with the will is to court insanity. In the same way to try to perceive things, which contradict your immediate experience, leads to very dangerous consequences. Some one may reply that experiment often contradicts what appears to us to be true. That is so. But what we see in an experiment is seen in the same way as the things of every day. And the spiritualist mediums and the psychical observers, whose results have recently been before the public, avowedly try to throw themselves into some unusual state of mind. Now this is just what was objected to above. It is to assume that by following certain methods which are more or less open to everyone, you can turn yourself into the vehicle of inspiration. In other words, it is to assume that human nature is constructed upon a uniform type. But it is not in this way that inspiration comes. Hence, I repeat, the attempt to cultivate second sight is not only futile for the vast majority of persons; it is also dangerous in the highest degree.

In writing these lines, I may have wounded some persons who are interested in second sight. And indeed I have myself known persons who for a time have found consolation in these things, but I know no one whose consolations have been permanent, or, if they have been permanent, have contributed to a wholesome and human state of feeling.

Throughout the long history of inspiration, two facts have become clear; first, that second sight is a wavering and uncertain thing, a will-of-the-wisp; secondly, that it is of less importance, in the case of inspired persons, than their other qualities. For example, William Blake seems to have been gifted with second sight. He refused to be apprenticed to Rylands, a distinguished artist, because "the man looked as though he would come to be hanged." And indeed, Rylands was executed in 1783. Perhaps the reason why Blake saw so many visions was that he retained to the years of manhood the heart and mind of a child. (One person possessed of second sight, of whom I have heard, is unable to read.) Possibly, therefore, Blake was strong enough to submit himself to a certain amount of education without letting it overcome him. At any rate he seems to have had a remarkable power of visualising: he saw by the sea-shore Moses, Homer, Dante, Milton, "all majestic shadows." But he also saw much more, dreams of brutal ugliness such as the black bogey who is shown going upstairs on the eleventh page of his "Europe." And his inspiration left him, taking with it all sense of music, as he mouthed his interminable and well-nigh meaningless prophetic books, "Jerusalem" and "Vala." Blake, at his best, is a great poet and a great artist. But he turned aside from nature to fashion the shapes, through which nature reveals herself, into formless and uncomely contours



and writhings. Neither the Society of Psychical Research, nor any body of spiritualists, have claimed to control a mightier spirit than that of Blake. And we have caught a glimpse of the harm done to his genius, by his tampering with sense experience. At each remove from nature—who speaks to us through sight and smell and hearing—Blake lost more and more, until even his work is barren and dead. But Blake is his own medicine. His best melodies are like the songs of birds, and his noblest drawings are all but celestial in their beauty.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

### THE POETRY OF MR. W. H. DAVIES.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the articles on the prose and verse of Mr. William H. Davies in your columns. But I was sorry not to see the names of Mr. Davies' three books of poems mentioned, as they are not nearly so well known as his newspaper reputation might suggest. Will you allow me to supplement "J.M.L.L.T.'s" appreciations by giving their names? : "The Soul's Destroyer" and other Poems (Alston Rivers), 1s. net; "New Poems" (Elkin Mathews), 1s. 6d. net; "Nature Poems" (A. C. Fifield), 1s. net.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Ashford, August 18, 1909.

## BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

### ITALY IN ENGLISH VERSE.\*

HERE is yet another of those handy collections of which Mr. E. V. Lucas's "The Open Road" seems to have set the fashion. The volume before us, "The Englishman in Italy," is a collection of verses written by some of those who have loved that enchanting country, and forms a modest "*aurco anello fra Italia e Inghilterra*." The present writer has read it under ideal conditions. The sea in front is not indeed the Gulf of Spezzia but the unromantic waters of the Wash. Behind him are the Lincolnshire wolds, not the dim edge of the Apennine. But at least the sky in its clear absoluteness defies geography, and is southern, while the sunshine's unmitigated fervour might deepen the gold of the oranges of Sorrento. He soon ceased to turn the leaves of the book, and fluttered, instead, the pages of recollection as he idled in a fine spacious indolence. Such is the self-supplanting service which this selection will render to anyone who has his own memories of Italy. Through this drowsy haze, murmurous with the nasal hum of insects, one sees again rapid dissolving glimpses of that land of dreams. From the heights of Fiesole the eyes look down on the towers and domes of the city

that exiled Dante and holds some of the noblest art of the world. An instant later one is out on the languid lagoon, where all is still save for the lap of the gondola and the sound of bells. Though there are no prose passages in the book, tags and tassels of Ruskin's purple invite to quotation, or some refrain like Wordsworth's, here printed—

"She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And when she took unto herself a mate  
She must espouse the everlasting sea"

chants almost audibly in the mind. Swiftly, without reason or order, he catches sight of tumble-down courtyards and stairways in Viterbo, the garden of Villa Lanti, and that other palace with the spiral entrance; the inn where we had something deliciously frothy and fragrant, which the Abstainer in his greed swore was a beaten egg and not a beverage; Bolsena's lovely lake, which failed to drown Santa Christina, the little spit-fire! Montefiascone and its record of the holy bishop who died of too much enthusiasm for "Est," the native wine; Orvieto's flashing west-front of blue and gold bearing the sign and seal of—Signorelli, isn't it? Peeps of Pisa, a table d'hôte at Lucca, where the Abstainer made no more bones about it; fragments of Ferrara and the drunken towers of Bologna, then we "follow where all is fled, Rome's azure sky, flowers, ruins, statues" and look down on the Forum from the Palatine or see from Garibaldi's statue the whole Eternal City made insignificant under the dense black of a thunderstorm rent by vivid forks of flame.

Here is the splendid stride of that swinging creature with the copper vessel on her head, and yonder the crowned Etruscan eminence of Alatri; next, the pearl-grey curve of Naples' bay, the Siren sea of Positano and Amalfi, the monks' cells, now bedrooms, of the Capuchin Hotel, whose dining-room still bears on the ceiling the cross of the Refectory; fireflies on the terrace, and the round silver moon shining full on the Gulf of Salerno; the zig-zag climb to Ravello, the religious processions of Good Friday and Easter and—ah me!—this can go on for ever, and leads only to regrets too sweet and melancholies all too dear.

The book is well, but not faultlessly, done. As in all anthologies, the reader will miss something he would like to see included. There is nothing of Swinburne here, not even the "Super Flumina Babylonis." Has George Meredith nothing worth inclusion? Might not other stanzas have been detached from Byron's "Childe Harold"?

But at any rate, nothing unworthy appears in the volume. All we have is welcome, and in subsequent editions other pieces will doubtless find a place without sacrifice of a wise severity of choice. We are grateful for the volume, and would repeat the words of the postscript, "The best wish that I can send with this little book, my nursling of many years, into the great world, is that sometimes a well-worn copy of it may be found among the chestnut-woods of Alp or Apennine, under the olive-trees of Valdarno or the orange-groves of Sorrento, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, or on the sands of Mediterranean or Adriatic."

J. M. L. L. T.

### ESSAYS IN FREEDOM.\*

IT is seldom that the rapid work of the journalistic pen is so well worth the dignity of covers as the fifty-three essays which Mr. Nevinson has collected in this volume. We have put it to a severe test and found it absorbing reading on slow train journeys. It can be taken up anywhere and laid down anywhere, and at the same time it exercises a magic spell which completely obliterates the surroundings. Perhaps this is rather enigmatic praise for work which has serious claims to be judged as literature; for not only is there in these pages real distinction of style, but also the charm of literary flavour and reminiscence, which no writer ever learns except by habitual companionship with the great. But Mr. Nevinson never allows us to forget that writing is only the by-play of his leisure hours. The sacred cause of liberty, to which he has dedicated the ardour of his youth, the fierce energy of the man of action, the sheer delight in adventure with its close parleyings with danger and death, gleam through his enthusiasm for Greek tragedy and the pageants of memory. There is hot life in what he writes, and a sure instinct for the things in literature which minister to life, though, to be sure, there is also, as he acknowledges, a certain element of irrelevance and violent contrast as well. Here, for instance, is a strange passage in literary autobiography, to which it would be hard to find a parallel, for the lives of few men move so rapidly: "In the disappointment and chaos of the Greek War I found a new delight in Omar Khayyam. On a dangerous and degrading service during the Spanish War I saw all manner of fresh divination in Wordsworth. In Ladysmith I rediscovered Shelley, and even read a few pages of 'Daniel Deronda' with pleasure. In long wanderings on the veldt I enjoyed a guide-book to the Rhine, and it was a peculiar delight in passing through Mozambique to find a full-blooded Zulu reading St. Cyprian in the original, and to discuss it with him. In Macedonia, just after the massacres, I read much of Byron again. On the West Coast of Africa I met two men who admired Boswell more than anything, and we recalled Johnson's great sayings all night. On the long watershed between the Zambesi and the Congo I picked up bits of Pope and Emerson and Dickens in a missionary hut, and appreciated them more than ever before. During intervals of revolution in Moscow I was reading Anatole France. In the Caucasus one winter, and among the devastated villages of Georgia, I had somehow got hold of 'Les Misérables' again. Wherever I go I think the 'Ancient Mariner' keeps humming in my head, like a perpetual tune."

The contents of a book like this, composed of gleanings from many fields, and thrown off under the inspiration of the moment, elude the ordinary methods of criticism just because they are so various. If we wished to criticise at all it would have to be the spirit and temper which colour almost every page, the personal attitude towards life, the creed of the emancipator; but here our only wish is to applaud. Let us, instead, quote another

\* "Essays in Freedom." By Henry W. Nevinson. London: Duckworth & Co. 6s. net.

\* "The Englishman in Italy." (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)



passage as an illustration, one among many, of the high seriousness and the beauty of style which characterise Mr. Nevinson's work. It is part of an essay on "Fors Clavigera," called the "Kindling of the Flame." "In the life of every prophet there comes a supreme crisis when he has to fling away his past, wipe off all trivial, fond records, and cut himself loose from old interests and delights, because an inward fire consumes him or savage indignation tears his heart. Against that crisis he may struggle as he will. He may plead unclean lips and unfitness for the task; he may hide himself in the wilderness, or take ship for Tarshish. It is all in vain. The still small voice pursues him; the fire kindles; land and sea conspire to drive him along a dim and lonely road. He may think his journey will be as brief as it is unpleasant; he may hope for a speedy return, and suppose the past is not irretrievable; he may even imagine that with one hand he can retain a hold on things that were so pleasing—things that he will enjoy again in grateful satisfaction when once this sharp battle is over. But he will never return; he may let all those dear delights alone for ever; the zeal of the Lord will eat him up."

Mr. Nevinson has made good his title to a place in the company of essayists whom we read for literary delight. But he is something more. He can speak a word in season to those that are weary, and rekindle our failing hopes of good into a quenchless flame.

---

THE WHITE PROPHET. By Hall Caine. London: Wm. Heinemann & Co. 2 vols. 4s. net.

One of the absorbing topics of the day is dealt with by Mr. Hall Caine in his new book, "The White Prophet," and is presented in the alluring guise of an interesting novel. The treatment of coloured peoples by white men is the theme which underlies all the story, and Mr. Caine uses his characters to illustrate different points of view. We have that of the prominent British Government official who cannot understand sympathy with Eastern thought and customs, and thinks that any such feeling can only be the outcome of a weak mind. "I'm beginning to see that this empire of ours is destined to be destroyed in the end by its humanitarians, its philanthropists, its foolish people who are bewitched by good intentions." "I take the view that nine-tenths of these people are still in swaddling-clothes, and that any attempt to associate them with the work of government would do a grave injustice to the inarticulate masses for whom we rule the country." The General in command voices the military feeling. He can brook no parleying, and wants to settle differences offhand. "The only way, my boy! Force is the one thing the Easterns understand." In strong contradistinction to these two stands the hero, Gordon Lord, when he says: "As for our being aliens in religion that isn't everything. We're aliens in sympathy and brotherhood, and even in common courtesy as well. What is the honest truth about us? Here we are to help the Egyptians to regenerate their country, yet we neither eat nor drink

nor associate with them. How can we hope to win their hearts while we hold them at arm's length? We have given them water, but have we given them—love?"

The story is laid in Egypt and is written in the highly-coloured style Mr. Caine knows so well how to use. It is full of incident, and though nearly 800 pages long, the interest never flags, and the teeming cities and hot sands of the desert seem almost visible. Lord Nuneham, Consul-General of Egypt, has practically governed the country for 40 years, and on the whole his administration has been wise and good. Now he has grown "drunk with power," and, as his faculties have grown feebler with old age, his suspicions have increased, and he fancies sedition everywhere. The plot opens with his determination to destroy a new prophet who has suddenly arisen, and has great influence with the people. For this purpose he selects his only son, Gordon Lord, a Colonel in the British Army. Lord hears the prophet preach and feels that "Ishmael Ameer is one of the flame-bearers of the world. Let who will put him down—I will not." For his refusal to obey orders Lord loses his commission in the army and the woman he loves. How he follows the prophet into the desert from admiration for him and respect for his teaching, and how Helena Graves also follows the prophet—but secretly and bent on his undoing, because he has come between her and the man she loves, is dramatically told. The story of their adventures there and the tragic downfall of both Lord Nuneham and the prophet, we must leave the reader to find out for himself. The book is not free from the exaggeration which mars a great deal of Mr. Caine's writing. Some of the scenes are distinctly overdrawn, such, for instance, as the tearing of the medals from Colonel Lord's breast by his superior officer. Mr. Caine is also not happy in his heroine. Helena Graves is an outspoken young woman, decidedly "no mealy-mouthed miss," whose ideas of honour are not of a high order. We are told that she is possessed of "a fearless daring and dash of devilry," but surely it is not necessary for this purpose that she should use language like this: "Tell Hafiz I mean to dust his jacket for it." The emotional prophet, with his tremendous influence over his people, flashes out now and then into real eloquence, but for the most part he is carried away by his emotions and is simply melodramatic. There are some beautiful bits of scene painting; indeed, so vivid are many of the descriptive passages that we lay the book down feeling that Mr. Caine has truly been to us "a link between East and West," and that we have been living in close contact with the strange emotional people of the desert.

---

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS. By D. Alfred Bertholet. London: Harper Brothers, 2s. 6d. net.

PROBABLY few beliefs which have captivated the intelligence and imagination of masses of men have rested upon a slenderer basis of evidence than the one which is described and analysed in the book before us. Its attraction has been twofold. It

has seemed to penetrate the mystery of the Unseen, and at the same time to provide a satisfying moral solution for the riddles of human inequality. Professor Bertholet shows how it rests upon instinctive beliefs which are widespread among primitive peoples, and still survive in various forms of social habit or popular superstition. The riderless horse at a military funeral reminds us of the time when the German warrior's horse was killed at the graveside in order that he might accompany his master to the other world. The naming of a child after an ancestor is possibly connected with the belief that the souls of ancestors live again in the new generation. There is a good deal of mythology connected with the passing of the soul into a flower, and Professor Bertholet mentions the interesting fact that the red poppies on the field of Waterloo are regarded, in popular belief, as springing from the blood of the soldiers who were killed in the battle. For the elaborate systems of doctrine which are grafted upon this stock, especially in Hindoo and Greek thought, we must refer to the sketch of them given in these pages. It is an admirable piece of work, both in the clearness of its arrangement and the selection of illustrative material. For most Christian people it will have an interest quite remote from the issues of personal faith. The sense of the sacredness and significance of the individual soul has been too strong in Christianity for any doctrine of transmigration to appear more than sporadically, or to win any footing except in the case of thinkers or sects whose speculative life was remote from the main currents of Christian thought. At the same time, in its highest form as a passing upward from life to life till we reach perfection, it corresponds, though very imperfectly, to the motive and desire of the Christian soul. "It is essentially the same instinct," Professor Bertholet contends, "which found expression in Roman Catholicism in the conception of a purgatorial fire. Metempsychosis and purgatory are simply more or less anthropomorphic methods of expressing the same instinct."

---

THE GENESIS AND EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL SOUL. By the Rev. J. O. Beven, M.A., F.G.S. London: Williams and Norgate. 2s. 6d. net.

In the preface the author sums up his purpose as an attempt "to construct a consistent theory (on a strictly scientific method and basis) for the origin and development of the individual soul." The chief feature of the work are (1) an exposition of the thesis that each personality is linked on to a long chain of ancestors, deriving something of itself from each individual of these and imparting something of itself to those who come after, and (2) that matter and motion alike belong to the soul in all stages of its development. Accepting the doctrine that matter consists in an aggregate of "centres of force," the author argues that in assuming successive new bodies after death the soul may simply utilise a modification and development of the original congeries of centres of force." The whole subject is highly hypothetical, and though it cannot be said that the author has shed



much new light on the ancient mystery, he has handled his theme in a manner that will prove interesting to the speculative type of mind.

SPAIN: A POPULAR HISTORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Leonard Williams (T. Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d. net.), is a very concise and clear version of an intricate story. Mr. Williams gives evidence of thorough familiarity with his subject. He carries his tale down to the loss of the Spanish Colonies in 1898. A few sketch maps would have added to the value of the book.

The July number of MIND opens with an article by Mr. F. H. Bradley, on *Truth and Coherence*, in which he pleads for "system" (a term which he uses as embracing both coherence and comprehensiveness) as the test of truth.

Dr. McTaggart contributes a careful and lucid paper on the *Relation of Time and Eternity*, in which he discusses the different meanings of "eternity," and advocates the possibility of regarding the Eternal—when the word is applied to timeless existence—as a state which is to us in the future and, so to speak, at the end of the future. The history of the universe or the time-series he regards as a series of states representing the eternal with more and more adequacy. Time on this view would be an illusion, obscuring from us the timeless reality; and, if this be so, he says, "I do see a possibility of showing that the timeless reality would be, I do not say unmixedly good, but very good, better than anything which we can now experience or even imagine." In this theory of the unreality of time he sees a chance of a happy solution of the supreme problem of philosophy—whether good or evil predominates in the universe—and, as philosophy stands at present, he sees it nowhere else.

Mr. D. L. Murray expounds and defends Pragmatic Realism, declaring that "the Pragmatic Orientation of mind lets in daylight upon most confusions."

Among the critical notices that on Dr. McDougall's important and interesting *Introduction to Social Psychology*, and that on Baron von Hügel's *Mystical Element of Religion* are worthy of careful attention.

THE booklet of ninety-two pages, CONCERNING THE LAST THINGS, by the Rev. E. W. Lewis, M.A., B.D. (H. R. Allenson, 1s. net.), has a special interest at the present time. Nothing is said here upon the great themes of Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, and the Second Advent, which will seem materially new to those who have long been occupied in presenting them in the light of our moral and spiritual certitudes, rather than as articles in a dogmatic creed. But for all that there is a new method and manner of saying it, and for this new manner we can only refer readers to the book itself. The writer is one of the ablest of a band of fearless thinkers and lucid expositors who are associated with the movement led by Mr. R. J. Campbell. It is extremely interesting to see how he presents his subject to minds that, presumably, have but recently moved away from orthodox positions. Something of the newness of the presentation arise from the central importance accorded to the Unity of all Life,

the oneness of the universe as it is in God. Another interesting feature is the stress laid upon the social nature of "Heaven." "The true spiritual ideal is not individualistic, but socialistic." Mr. Lewis speaks in a way that is peculiarly acceptable to minds desiring to see things in a truly modern light without flinching before unwelcome truths.

## SERMON.

### INCOMPLETENESS.\*

By Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.

"For they were afraid."—Mark xvi. 8.

THESE are the last words of the Gospel of Mark as it has come down to us, for what follows in our Bible is, it is generally agreed, an appendix taken from some other source. In some of the earliest manuscripts it is not found at all; in others it appears with marks showing that the writers doubted its authenticity, while in several there is a shorter and quite different conclusion. An Armenian manuscript recently discovered assigns it to a certain presbyter, Ariston, of whom we are told that he sat at the feet of John, and this has been regarded by the most competent scholars as very probable. But whoever wrote it was not St. Mark; and as it is impossible to believe that he intended to end his work so abruptly, and at the most interesting point of the whole narrative, the conclusion is forced upon us that the Gospel as it has come down to us is unfinished. Was it, as has been suggested by some distinguished English scholars, that the last leaf of the writer's MS. was lost before ever a copy had been made? It seems very improbable, for such a book as this was not one the writer would keep by him for a long time till perhaps death overtook him. It was a simple story, written for the people in the dialect of the people, and would no doubt be immediately put into circulation. Then certain German scholars have conjectured that the ending of the Evangelist was deliberately suppressed because it did not commend itself to the feeling about Jesus as superhuman, which was steadily growing in the church. But the same objection holds against this view, for if it had ever formed part of the Gospel, it could scarcely have been so completely suppressed that no vestige of it remained. And we are driven to the conclusion that the Gospel never was finished, that the writer broke off just as he had reached the story which should confirm what the Apostles were everywhere preaching—how Jesus had overcome death and the grave; and that he broke off, moreover, on a note of depression, and almost in the middle of a sentence; for in the original the very last word is a preposition, as we might nearly translate it. "They were afraid therefore." It is certain that when he started to write "the good news about Jesus Christ," as he announces it in his opening verse, he did not think of ending with the story how the devoted women who came to see the sepulchre "went out

and fled from the tomb, for they were seized with trembling and bewilderment, and they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid."

Why then did he leave his story unfinished—wanting not merely a suitable winding-up such as even the most illiterate letter writers manage to find, but the most important part and crowning proof of the mission of Jesus as he and his readers would regard it? There is no answering the question. He may have been prevented by death just as our own Venerable Bede was while dictating a translation of the Gospel of John into English. We can't tell, but the fact remains that the earliest and in some respects the most important account we have of the greatest life ever lived on earth was never finished.

I was reminded of this remarkable fact in the History of Our Christian Scriptures, as I reflected upon another unfinished work I saw last autumn in Portugal, one more striking to the eye though, of course, of comparatively no importance.

It was in the year 1385 that a great battle was fought at Aljubarrotta, in which was decided the question whether Portugal was for the future to be like Aragon and Castile, one of the provinces of the Spanish Kingdom, or should maintain its independence under its own monarch elected by the representatives of the people. The issue of that day was pregnant of results not only for the immediate future but far on even to our own times; and to us English especially, for an independent Portugal has ever been (as it then was) the ally of this country. Five hundred of our archers, famous throughout Europe since they had won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers against all the chivalry of France, fought with the patriot army against the invading host, and by night the victory was won and John the Great, the first of his line, firmly established upon the throne. And the next year he married Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, and cousin of Richard II. And, at her pious instigation, he determined to build a great abbey on the site of his victory, where henceforth prayer and thanksgiving should for ever mount to heaven.

And as William the Conqueror had in like manner founded a monastery on the site of his great victory near Hastings and called it Battle Abbey, so John determined that this should henceforth be known as Batalha. The church was built in the style then prevalent in England, and is so different from all other ecclesiastical buildings in Portugal that, walking in the lofty narrow nave, severe in the plainness of its dignity, you are tempted to believe that you have stepped out of the bright sunshine of that southern clime into the austere gloom of one of our own cathedrals of the thirteenth century. And there is erected beside it a chapel for a burying-place for his house. In the centre are the twin tombs of himself and his Queen, whose sculptured effigies lie hand-in-hand as they went through life together. And around are ranged the monuments of their sons, princes worthy of their sire, one of them known in history as Henry the Navigator, famous for his discoveries to all time. And all round on the walls are carved the arms of England quartered with those of Portugal, and the insignia

\* Preached in the Chapel of Manchester College, Oxford, on Sunday, August 8th, during the meeting of the Summer School of University Extension.



of our Order of the Garter, wch foreign kings have been ever proud to ear.

And the building was completed without and within, and a numerous company of Friar Preachers took up their abode in it, and protected by poverty, for the abbey had but a very small endowment for its size, they maintained the austerity of their rule and served God to the best of their knowledge and ability.

Portugal in the meantime ennobled by the great discoveries of its seafaring princes, became rich above all the countries of Europe, and as its kings kept to themselves all the profits of the commerce of the Indies and Brazil they surpassed all the monarchs of the world in wealth. And Emmanuel "the Fortunate," as men called him, bethought him to outvie the work of his father's grandfather, John the Great, and to build at Batalha as annex to the church, a chapel in which he and his descendants should lie, surpassing in its magnificence the former chapel, as Portugal of his day surpassed in glory and riches the Portugal of his sires.

If you have seen Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster Abbey it will give you some idea of the King's design, but you must imagine it, if you can, decorated with such skill and lavishness that the observer marvels how human brains could conceive and hands achieve such intricacy of ornament. It would serve no purpose were I to describe it to you, and I have not the words in which to do it." "One feels," says an English writer "that the design is that of a genius whom another step would have led to madness, who threw aside all the canons of his art, and sported in the very wantonness of boundless resources and conscious power." The lower portion is of a more sober art, but the upper walls and arches which were to support the roof are overwhelming in unrestrained riot of fancy dealing with great masses of limestone almost as an oriental carver does with a piece of ivory. And now from the ten corners the columns bend to spring into space and unite to form the vaulted roof.

Then the work stopped.

Did the architect go out of his mind, as seems likely enough, or did he die? had he already exceeded so far his estimates that the royal purse was depleted, or—what's the use of guessing? There the work stopped nearly 400 years ago, and we may safely say will never be taken in hand anew.

On the famous bronze gates of the Baptistery of Florence, "worthy to be the gates of Paradise," Michael Angelo said of them, I singled out, I know not why, among the countless figures on which the artist spent forty years of his life, one of a bird in the act of springing from the branch on which he has perched. Its flight arrested just at the moment it seems about to begin, it stays there from year to year, never to accomplish its purpose. Even so seemed to me these just curving lines of stone which were to rise and spread in tracery and cover the roof they upheld and drop down from its centre in heavy pendant of gloriously wrought stone.

Never! The walls are perfect almost as when first completed, but the space they enclose is roofless and serves to no use for home or hall or church.

To what purpose was this waste? So much toil of stonemason, ingenuity of carver and cunningest sleight of hand, so much genius of architect translating high reaching thoughts into solid masonry, and building as if to meet heaven and catch reflection of its glory—and all to no purpose!

Yet is it so? The unfinished work were it better that it had never been begun? Sad would then be the verdict we should pass on human endeavour, for of all small and great that men attempt it is but little which is ever completed, less still which is perfected so as to be its author's very best.

St. Mark's gospel lacks the conclusion which to the great majority of Christians was worth almost all the rest of his story. For unless it were shown that the Christ had risen from the grave their faith would seem to them vain, nor could they look for one to return from heaven who for all that was known to them was yet a dweller among the dead.

The Summa of Aquinas which he intended to be a compendium of all theology, beginning with God as the Infinite and Eternal before all things and the cause of all, and ending with God as the final and perfect bliss of the intelligences made by Him and for Him—came to an abrupt conclusion before yet he had touched on Resurrection, or Judgment, or Heaven.

The plays of Shakespeare were not collected or revised by their author, and this priceless monument of human genius the supreme glory of a literature which ensures to our English tongue fame which cannot perish as long as the human race endures and understands—have come down to us in a form which would disgrace by its careless blemishes the cheapest printer and meanest writer of our day.

But what need to multiply instances? It is the writer of the latest gospel who puts into the mouth of his superhuman Christ the words "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." The earlier evangelists, both Mark and Matthew, report his last words on the cross to have been the mournful cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," as though in agony of spirit deploring the high aim so miserably frustrated—so mighty things purposed, so little effected.

And would it not be the confession of every aspiring genius? did ever patriot sheathe the sword, artist or writer lay down the brush or the pen, investigator of the secrets of mind or matter give up at last the quest, and say to himself, "I have done that which I set out to do, realised the ideal I had before me, gained the far off star on which I fixed my gaze"? Lamp of his own kindling not star of heaven at all if so he could say, lesser man he, content with small achievement and not of the race of gods.

For as some shattered and mutilated fresco of the great period of Greek art, which, all imperfect as it is, is yet the prize of conquest and the treasure of an imperial museum, so surely it is as respects all work—better indeed that it should be complete and as the worker purposed it to be—but even mutilated or only half finished, or but just begun, it has yet its own merits, though merits not of a whole but of a part.

And it may be a comfort to us this as we look back upon our own lives. How often we have tried and failed, meant to do so much and achieved so little; a comfort too as we think of so many wasted lives of people not wanting in good intentions and proving their weak sincerity by repeated beginnings of ineffective reform. All that we would be, that we have however vainly tried to be, all that we would have done and have begun, and failed to carry on—it is so much to our account. They say that "Hell is paved with good resolutions." If it be so, then hell must be somewhere on the outskirts of heaven. The real damnation, loss of the soul, is when no more good resolutions are made, when the attempt to do well is given up, when a man resigns himself to evil and has no more desire to be good.

And even then what he has been and has done still survives. Solomon in his old age became foolish "and his wives," it is said, "turned away his heart," and he built a temple for Chemosh, god of Moab, who loved human sacrifice, and for Molech, the fire god of the Amorites, who delighted in the flesh of children; but the temple he had built for Jehovah stood still on Mount Zion, and the wisdom of his youth is yet remembered among men who forget the folly of his declining years. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones"; it's quite the opposite of the fact, though it suited the wily orator so to put it. It is the good which survives, evil is in its nature temporary. It is the builder not the destroyer whose work endures, even in its ruins. It is the liberator not the conqueror or the tyrant whose achievement lasts.

And the little good of our own lives, the work we have tried to do and only half done and left off, the plans we have formed and begun to put into action and failed to carry on, the good resolutions we have so often made and broken—these all ineffective attempts have their value. They are evidence of what we would be if we could, proof that it is good not evil which is the substance of our nature.

And are they not also hints and promises of a more perfect state when we shall have outgrown the childishness, feebleness, naughtiness of this our earthly life and be what God means us for, do the things we only dream of or at most just begin here? Yes, our unfulfilled aspirations, our broken resolutions, our unfinished work are they not the wrestlings of the soul within us, assurances that we are meant for nobler life? So shall we be very patient with ourselves as with others, expecting little, trying for much, assured that failure, too, counts in God's sight, and that what we would have done and have not done is lost to earth indeed but not to heaven.

So Browning in Abt Vogler:—

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days?

And again:—

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called "work" must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had  
the price;  
But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,



So passed in making up the main account ;  
 All instincts immature,  
 All purposes unsure,  
 These weighed not as his work, yet  
 swelled the man's amount.  
 All I could never be,  
 All men ignored in me  
 That am I worth to God !

## MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

### IMPRESSIONS OF THE B.O.B. CAMP, 1909.

THE place of honour in one's impressions of the camp of 1909 must certainly be given to the weather—on nothing does the success of camp life depend so much—and yet it is the one detail which cannot be organised in advance. As I was not able to join the camp till the fourth day, I missed the blustery and squally Bank Holiday, and arrived for a series of six perfect cloudless days and nights, always with a cool breeze off the sea to temper the heat of the sun, and a heavy dew before dawn to prevent the grass scorching.

Except on the open sea it would not be easy to find a spot from which more of the sky could be seen at one time than was visible from our camping ground, and we spent about fourteen hours of the day in the sunshine, or in the shade of the tents with the side canvas open on all sides to catch the breeze. After some days of this, ingenuity was much taxed to find a new variation on the local joke, the original theme of which runs, "It is a great Deal Walmer this morning."

Next to this impression of the weather, I should place the fascination of the camp life. Whatever one's views may be about militarism, there can be no question about the attractiveness of living for a time in an atmosphere of order and discipline, with the titles and technical language and ceremonies which such discipline involves, while even the modest amount of uniform adopted by the B.O.B. produces a fine effect of smartness among the boys, which must encourage habits of neatness for the rest of the year.

To mention one instance of "atmosphere" which may stand for the whole—how much more inspiring to be summoned to breakfast by a bugle-call than by a mere dinner-bell !

After a short time one becomes familiar with the new titles and dignities, the Major, the Adjutant, and the Quartermaster, the last in other spheres being the Rev. J. C. Ballantyne, who is here not only a Captain and a Chaplain, but supervises the entire food supply, and in a store-hut, from which he can seldom be torn for more than a few minutes, draws up the innumerable lists in which his heart delights, and acts as general stage-manager for the entire production. It is even believed that, during the nights (as there is no evidence that he ever went to bed), the minutest details of next year's camp has already been committed to paper and rolled up in an elastic band. Lieut. W. Ballantyne acts as sports officer, and is kept busy arranging athletic sports, matches, and other minor amuse-

ments, though his store of indoor games, brought in case of bad weather, is fortunately never called into use. As one of the few "civilians" privileged to join the camp, I answer merely to the name of Vice-President, and have some miscellaneous duties such as acting as bank manager, organist on Sunday, orchestra at week-day concerts, and general photographer, more particularly when the officers' duties withdraw them from their cameras.

Our day begins early. Omitting certain persons who claim to have seen the sun rise out of the sea, at six o'clock the officer of the day and his orderlies, who are responsible for the routine work of the camp, begin their duties, and the more energetic of the officers find their way to the sea for a preliminary bathe ; half an hour later comes the first bugle-call of the day, the reveillé, when the rest of the camp turns out, tents are brailed up and their contents tidied, and a short drill parade is held before breakfast. Our buglers improve greatly with experience and practice (which takes place in the most remote corner of the playing field), and all the calls are preceded by the battalion call, consisting of the first bars of the B.O.B. hymn, "Lend a hand."

During the boys' breakfast the Major and Adjutant hold an inspection of the tents, and marks are given for neatness, the winning tent of the day being honoured by a flag, for which there is keen competition. We are instructed in the mysteries of folding blankets so that no edges show, and we discuss the controversy of the rival schools of folding, which produce four and eight folds respectively, the latter more difficult, and therefore more praiseworthy if well done. There is also a special and correct position for every item of the boy's uniform and equipment, so that the decisive victory of tent No. 9 (from Rhyl-street) represents a great deal of care and attention to detail. Officers' tents, fortunately for some of them, do not compete, and they are free to range from general chaos to experiments in floor decoration in "blanco," which the Vice-President evolves in his civilian leisure moments.

The event of the morning is the bathing parade at 11.15, when the whole battalion marches to the shore with the buglers in full force. As I write by the crystal water of Cornwall, I must admit that the sea at Deal cannot be described as clear or blue, thanks to muddy sand and tidal currents. But, at any rate, it is salt water, and has the quality which no fresh water bathing can ever give. As swimming is now generally taught in the schools, most of the boys seem quite at home in the water, and our guardian boat is only called into use as a diving stage. Dinner is, of course, the chief meal of the day, and there follows what is called a quiet hour, when more or less restful amusements prevail according to the heat.

On one afternoon the sports are held, when the Mansford-street Company easily wins the first place through the success of two members. On another we have a visit from the President, Mr. Ion Pritchard, which gives occasion for ceremonies such as a guard of honour and a general salute. Saturday is spent in a route march along the coast to the shore by the famous Sand-

wich golf links, where we have a picnic lunch, and the signalling experts are kept busy communicating with our base of supply. After tea, unless there are other engagements, an evening drill parade may be held, and the day closes with cocoa and biscuits at 8.15, followed by a popular concert, at which all solos must end with a chorus, and the old song-book favourites are in request, such as the "Swanee River" and the "Bay of Biscay O," among which classics the newcomer, "Land of Hope and Glory," seems likely to take a place.

Meanwhile the guard for the night has betaken itself to a special tent by the entrance, and after the last call of "lights out" the sentries start their rounds, which continue till midnight, and, as a precaution against tramps, prove to be not always a mere formality.

Not the least among camp pleasures is that of sleeping in a tent. As with a cabin at sea, one night is spent in getting used to the sensation of a mattress on a boarded floor, but after that one feels very reluctant to go back to a civilised bed ; and perhaps one's most vivid impression of the time is of watching the triangle of stars and moonlight where the tent is open to the sky, and hearing in the distance the sharp challenge of the sentries, or of waking to find the seamist growing red before sunrise.

On the second Sunday we have with us Mr. Freeston, Chaplain of No. 4 Company. Our big tent is transformed into a chapel, with the Union Jack and the B.O.B. flag draped over the reading table. With the thought of the sea in our minds, the story of St. Paul's shipwreck is an appropriate lesson, and the Chaplain preaches on the history of the Goodwin Sands and the heroism of the Deal boatmen.

Breaking up the camp on Monday feels like leaving home, so soon do we become attached to it, and we all look forward to coming again next year. Following the battalion on its march to the station, I hear many complimentary remarks on the appearance of the boys, generally—"Well, they *do* look brown"; and they start off for London armed with sheaves of bulrushes, happy recollections of pleasure increased by occasional hard work, and complexions which ought to resist many weeks of town bleaching.

RONALD P. JONES.

### THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THERE are two or three interesting items this week. In the first place, the attendances for the season, while a long way behind those of last year, have now passed those for 1907. This despite the prevalent bad weather, is decidedly satisfactory, and as there are still 52 days' work to be reported the number of meetings will probably be as high as last season.

In the next place the expectation of large meetings at Wood Green has been abundantly fulfilled, and for the first time this season the London van has had a run of really great gatherings. Its return also is a record for the present season, and 6,050 persons for seven meetings is distinctly a matter for congratulation.

A great sensation was created at Maesteg by the appearance on the van platform of Miss Annie Davies, who was the leading soloist during Mr. Evan Roberts' revival a few years ago. She sang for the mission, with the result



that the second night some one tried to hold an opposition meeting, the speaker thanking God he was saved during the revival and had held on since, though some were turning back, referring, as was generally supposed, to Miss Davies, who was on the van at the time, and within hearing.

It should be understood that the mission has never disparaged the revival, which, under Mr. Evan Roberts, stirred Wales so mightily. The reception of the van, however, in some of the districts where the revival produced the most striking outward results, has been remarkable. Last year, and again this, it was openly foretold that if the van came into certain neighbourhoods it would meet with rough treatment. On each occasion, however, the mission met with the kindest reception and the fairest hearing. Strange things indicative of the reaction that followed the revival were told the missionaries, many of the people themselves realising that the emotional appeal brings many undesirable consequences, and leading them to endorse the belief of our missionaries that the revival that is coming must base itself upon the solid convictions of men as well as speak its kindling message to the heart. The presence of the Welsh singer on the van platform is a typical combination of the two points of view, and of the power of a reverent free faith, to speak as hopefully and convincingly to the sensibilities as is any message that has a reputation for orthodoxy.

The Welsh meetings at Maesteg were continued by Rev. J. Park Davies, who believes that the place offers good opportunities for further work. A move was then made to Porthcawl, the popular seaside resort, where the meetings were regarded as something of an experiment. Suggestions have constantly been made that visits should be paid to seaside places during the season, and some friends have believed that a van might well be employed exclusively on work of this kind. The Porthcawl experience does not encourage one to change the opinion that the proposal has a good deal against it. The crowds at holiday centres are attracted by plenty of singing, but have not much inclination for serious discussion during their time of respite. Even orthodox meetings can be seen to melt away as soon as the psalm tune is ended and the speaking begins. Political propagandism, it may be objected, draws large crowds, and it often-times makes a demand upon the thinking capacity of an audience; but the Budget or Tariff Reform are matters that are on everybody's lips, while every religious movement, however large and conspicuous, is, after all, much more limited in its appeal. And the Unitarian mission suffers in comparison with these other bodies from the fact that its advocacy is left usually in the hands of two men, who know not a soul in the place, and have to win their way without any of the adventitious aids that are at the disposal of the church whose appeal is to the devotees of the traditional faith. There was nothing to complain of with the platform at Porthcawl. The missionary was Rev. Jenkin Thomas, and with him were Revs. D. G. Rees or W. J. Phillips on one or other evenings. But though there were hundreds of people about, only a few score stuck to the meetings, until the Sunday night, when nearly three hundred were present.

The Wood Green *Sentinel* gives a good account of an address by Rev. E. S. Hicks, stating that one man cried "Bravo" and that there was general applause when he had finished his address. This applause seems to have fallen to the lot of the missionary each night, Rev. H. F. Short succeeding Mr. Hicks on Thursday. The reports show that Spouters' Corner well deserves its name, judging from the number of meetings that are held there. On Saturday night there were three other meetings, and on Sunday night no less than five others. The van meetings, however, seemed to have the advantage in numbers, and after the missionary's address the people were loath to disperse and Mr. Short delivered two *encore* talks! The week, of course, did not pass without some opposition, and some folk who knew not that even the "road" has its etiquette distributed traditional literature until the audience responded to the plea for fair play; but the meetings were in the main on the right side and gave a cordial and sym-

pathetic hearing. The Wood Green friends too assisted very heartily; Mr. Cowan and Mr. Carpenter helped as chairmen, and Mr. Chancellor came over and took part in the proceedings.

The *Sentinel*, in a column of jottings, says: "By the way, when the Unitarian van was at New Southgate, a Baptist said 'They had been praying for fine weather—and lo, it was here!' The reply of the missionary was, 'I wish you had prayed before.'" Road men will sympathise!

The Midland van has also been having a good time. In fact, for the first time this season, the English vans are before Wales and Scotland in the matter of attendances. Quite unexpectedly large meetings were held at Long Eaton, where the van remained until Saturday morning before removing to Derby Market-place. A right spirit prevailed, and at the closing meeting a vote of thanks was proposed by a gentleman, and seconded in an appreciative speech by one who avowed himself an atheist. Rev. Fred Hall was missionary in the early part of the week, and Rev. E. W. Sealey from Thursday, and both gentlemen made a deep impression by their advocacy of the liberal faith. Rev. A. Thornhill came over and helped as chairman, and, of course, rendered much assistance when Derby was reached, where big opening meetings were held on Saturday and Sunday nights. Other meetings were held both evenings, and the Temperance party, which is presumed impartial, took up an attitude that was at least suggestive of hostility. The report, however, is full of encouragement and the missionaries are to be congratulated on the successful opening of their work.

#### DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Wood Green, Aug. 9 to 15, seven meetings, attendance 6,050.

MIDLANDS.—Long Eaton, Aug. 9 to 13, five meetings, attendance 2,000; Derby, Aug. 14 and 15, two meetings, attendance 1,300.

WALES.—Maesteg, Aug. 9 to 11, three meetings, attendance 1,020; Porthcawl, Aug. 12 to 15, four meetings, attendance 505.

SCOTLAND.—Cambusbarron, Aug. 9, 10, 12, and 13, four meetings, attendance 770; Camelon, Aug. 11, attendance 350; Stirling Corn Exchange, 60; Grangemouth, Aug. 15, afternoon, 350; Falkirk, evening, 600.

TOTALS.—Aug. 9 to 15, twenty-nine meetings, attendance 13,005, average 448.

Inquiries, subscriptions (which are greatly needed), &c., to Rev. Thos. P. Spedding, Clovercroft, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

SCOTTISH VAN.—Rev. E. T. Russell reports: We have just arrived at Bannockburn with the Van. I am already known here, as some of the men heard me in Stirling. I am hoping for a good meeting to-night. Last week I visited Cambusbarron, a small village just outside Stirling, and was delighted with the audiences. At one time this was a flourishing village, but the large mill that used to employ over 1,000 workers is now standing idle, and the men have had to seek employment elsewhere. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday I was there. On Thursday night it rained so I hired the band room, and had it filled with people. On Wednesday night I was at Camelon. I can always get a good meeting there. On Saturday we met in the Corn Exchange Hall, Stirling. It was very hot, one of the hottest days we have had—it was Saturday, and the hall is by no means a pleasant one, yet we had a very good meeting. On Sunday I conducted the usual meetings, morning in the Universalist Church, afternoon at Grangemouth, evening at Falkirk.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Bolton.—We have received the following very satisfactory report of the local committee which had charge of the arrangements for the meetings of the National Conference of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches, held in Bolton last April:—"The local Committee has

pleasure in presenting to the subscribers to the local fund a statement of the accounts of the Honorary Treasurer in connection with the Conference held in Bolton in April last. It is a matter of considerable gratification to the Committee that the funds raised have been sufficient to fully meet the expenses of the Conference. Notwithstanding the difficulties of accommodation and the necessity of incurring considerable expense in that connection, the Conference has not exceeded in its total cost that of many previous ones held in larger towns. There are many testimonies that the Conference will rank as one of the most successful of the series. The local officers have received a large number of letters from visitors expressing their high appreciation of the proceedings of the week. The Conference programme was of memorable interest, and the social proceedings throughout most enjoyable. Thus we close a chapter which will be notable in our local records, and it only remains for the Committee to express its deep obligation to all those who gave so generously of time, money and service for the common good. We were aided by willing friends from all our churches, the local congregations responded to the appeal for hospitality most generously, and outside friends assisted by giving warm welcome to many of our visitors. To these and to all others who contributed to the general success the Committee tenders its sincere thanks." The report is signed on behalf of the local committee by John Harwood, chairman; John Lawson, hon. treasurer; and J. P. Taylor and Alfred Pilling, hon. secretaries.

Bolton: Halliwell-road Free Church (Appointment).—The Rev. J. Islan Jones, B.A., having resigned his ministry at Accrington, has received and accepted an invitation to the above church. It is expected that he will begin his pastorate in Bolton towards the close of September.

Croydon.—The *Croydon Advertiser* devotes more than a column in its issue of August 14, to a description of a recent visit to the Free Christian Church Wellesley-road. After speaking of the architectural features of the church, the writer refers in terms of special commendation to the large entrance hall, which gives opportunity for social intercourse without in any way injuring the sensitiveness of those who attach sacredness to the church itself. But the most interesting part of the article is the following statement by the Rev. W. J. Jupp: "Our position as a religious society is one of entire freedom, both ecclesiastically and doctrinally. We have no fixed or defined creed, and both minister and private members are free to hold whatever religious beliefs their own reason and conscience commend. We are something like the Society of Friends in this that we seek to follow the 'Inward Light' rather than the dogmatic teaching of any Church. Some of our members would call themselves 'Unitarians' and some 'Panthoists,' and some 'Theosophists' and some simply 'Free Christians.' For myself, if I had to choose a name, I should prefer the term 'Free Catholic.' I believe that in all Churches the sincerely religious minds are inspired by a Divine Spirit, and that beneath all the different creeds and forms of religious devotion there is a deeper truth which makes us one. I am a Free Catholic in the sense of regarding all really religious people, of whatever name or creed, as constituting the true 'Catholic Church,' in which all are free to hold the truth as it commends itself to their own hearts and finds expression in their lives. Religion is deeper than all creeds and greater than all forms, and the unity of our faith is realised in having spiritual fellowship, not through uniformity of belief, but through the spirit of devout and reverent thought and in aspiration towards the highest, holiest Divinity which our hearts can know and love." The article concludes with the following summary of the sermon from the text: "And it came to pass that he was going on the Sabbath day through the cornfields." These are words that might be taken from a great poem, a pastoral idyll, or a romance. As one mused over them they proved themselves to be charged with high spiritual meanings. Growing corn was in itself one of the most beautiful and beneficent of natural phenomena. Then there was Jesus, the ideal man, whose life and words had meant so much to thousands. It was on the Sabbath, that ancient human institution, dating back



to periods far more remote than the oldest Jewish record. The word "Sabbat" occurred in Accadian language of a people living in Central Asia in most remote periods, and even then it meant a "day of rest for the heart." People kept it on different days. When he was in Palestine he found the Mahommedan had it on Friday, the Jew Saturday, and the Christian on Sunday. A day when, in spite of the dreariness of ancient Judaism and modern Christianity, men had leisure hours for great thoughts and getting good. A day that spoke of the time when work should be worship and all the week a Sabbath. Between the natural and spiritual world the relationship was close. Here he alluded to the strange meanings that had been given to the name Unitarian. Someone asked a neighbour of his what the people he ministered to were. The reply of the other man was "Oh, I think they call them Pantheists." "What is that?" was the interrogation. "Well, they believe that God is everything and everything God." "How nice," said the stranger, "I was afraid they were Unitarians." After all what did this pantheism mean? That God was here and at every point. Look at the Sabbath scene of the text. How naturally the spiritual lessons seemed to suggest themselves. The kingdom of heaven was really as a certain man who sowed a seed and it grew. How this cornfield said "Be not anxious what you shall eat." "Labour not for the meat that perisheth." So closely were the natural and divine allied. The power that made the corn grow was the power that worked in the moral world. It had been said that it was sin that prevented us seeing this close alliance. He should not say it was sin, but rather bad philosophy and crude theology. The cornfield suggested the need of food for all without stint, so also we needed the bread of life for sustenance. Christ's presence taught that we always needed a gospel of tender grace, and the Sabbath spoke not only of a day of rest, but of a day when work should cease to be drudgery and when right should be on the throne and love should claim its own.

**Derby.**—Preaching at Friar-gate Chapel, Derby, on Sunday evening, before a good congregation, the Rev. Albert Thornhill, M.A., alluded to the prevalence of acute distress in Derby at the present time. Basing his discourse on Jesus' words, "For ye have the poor always with you, and whenever ye will ye can do them good," the preacher said they could only read into those words a confession of a sad fact. Not that Jesus thereby approved of the social organisation being such that poverty was inevitable. If England willed that poverty should end within her borders, she could do much to make that will prevail, and to raise the status of the appalling proportion of the people beneath the poverty line. They could not realise the wastage of life, and joy, that the impoverishment of vast masses involved; they could not bring home to their hearts and consciences the meaning of unsatisfied hunger, the tragedy of ruined homes and blighted lives, and vitality undermined, and independence sapped, and manhood wrecked by weeks and months of workless poverty. One needed the sympathetic soul of Jesus to enter into the full meaning of the privations which hundreds of the inhabitants of Derby were suffering. The Christ-spirit was their special need at that critical hour, in that very town, where they were confronted with problems which, whether they knew it or not, were trying men's souls. When level-headed lawyers like their Mayor, and calm and cautious citizens, were repeatedly, and vainly, calling attention to the prevalence of acute distress among the families of hundreds of skilled artisans, it was time for the members of the Christian churches of Derby to insist upon adequate measures being adopted to alleviate that distress, to save as many homes as possible from being broken up, and as many men as possible from degenerating from skilled artisans into the ranks of the unemployable. He was assured that never in their time was distress so acute in the town in the middle of summer as now. Having quoted statements by the Mayor and by the secretary of the Guild of Help as to the sad condition of things, the preacher said the various authorities seemed baffled by the problem, and the Guardians turned aside from it, sheltering themselves under a technicality. And so it seemed that unless the Christian

public of the town made its voice heard, hundreds of men and women would grow daily more emaciated, more disheartened, and feckless, and hopeless, and their little ones would become more pinched and pale, for want of common necessities. It was their duty to demand that this should not continue. Despite exaggerations at both ends, he was convinced that the state of things was exceptional. The returns of the Poor Law Guardians themselves proved it to be so. At the very meeting at which they refused to discuss the proposal to open the labour test yard, reports were laid before them by their own officers showing all-round increases upon the pauperism of the previous year. Despite the fact that hundreds were receiving old age pensions, many of whom might otherwise be compelled to fall back upon the rates, and despite the fact that, as the law stands, recipients of Poor Law relief were disqualified from pensions, nearly 300 more persons received out-relief than for the same period last year. It was a serious calamity that at such a time, the Distress Committee having ceased operations, the Guardians should have closed their labour test yard. Whoever placed obstacles in the way of distress being relieved would, in his judgment, incur a serious responsibility, from which they should not be lightly absolved.

**Gateshead.**—The Sunday School anniversary and flower services were conducted on Sunday, August 15, when the special preacher for the occasion was the Rev. J. Lonsdale Dowson, of All Souls' Universalist Church, Philadelphia, U.S.A. Notwithstanding the holiday season, very good congregations assembled, and Mr. Dowson's services were greatly appreciated. His morning sermon on "Loving the Truth" will long be remembered. When Mr. Dowson is again holidaying in this country he will be warmly welcomed at Unity Church.

**Ilkeston: Death of the Rev. Wm. Shakspeare.**—We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. Shakspeare, of Stratford House, Ilkeston, for 25 years Unitarian minister at Ilkeston. He was originally trained for the Baptist ministry at Leicester College, where he was a contemporary of Dr. John Clifford, the Rev. T. W. Freckleton, Rev. J. Page Hopps, and Rev. T. R. Elliott, all of whom, like Mr. Shakspeare, with the exception of Dr. Clifford, became Unitarians. His first church was at Belper, where he settled down in 1857. In the following year he married Miss Attenborough, and the first of a family of 11 boys and girls was born at the end of 1858. After a stay of between two and three years at Belper Baptist Church he took a small charge at Crich, where his theological views became more and more Unitarian. In 1861 he accepted a call to the Unitarian pulpit at Ilkeston, on the retirement of the Rev. T. R. Elliott. Commencing his ministry in the old chapel in January, 1862, he was instrumental in getting the new chapel built in the early years of his ministry. He retired from ministerial life after 25 years' service in 1887, since which time he has lived a secluded life, devoted to his beloved books, of which he had a large and ever-growing library. He and Mrs. Shakspeare, surrounded by their surviving children and grandchildren, celebrated their golden wedding last August (the event being postponed from February). It was a great satisfaction to him, a month or two later, when his eldest son was chosen by his fellow townsmen as Mayor; and he was able to take part, although in failing health, in the Mayoral Sunday procession and service. On January 3 last he reached his seventy-eighth birthday, and entered the year of his life in which both his father and mother had died. His feeling that he also would pass away in that year of his age has come only too true, for he sank more and more rapidly, until he finally took to his bed two months ago, and passed away on Saturday night, 14th inst., in the midst of his family. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, five sons, and four daughters. The interment took place in the Stanton-road Cemetery amidst many tokens of respect.

**London: College Chapel, Stepney Green, E.**—Mr. H. C. Hawkins has just given an interesting series of addresses at the morning service on "Four Great Teachers of the Nineteenth Century"—"G. F. Watts, the Gospel of Art"; "Richard Cobden, the Gospel of Liberty"; "Robert Browning, the

Gospel of Hope"; "Charles Darwin, the Gospel of Work." In speaking of Darwin, Mr. Hawkins pointed out that he came of Unitarian families on both sides, the influences which moulded his early life and education were Unitarian, and that his frank and fearless love of truth and devoted search for it were the natural products of this Unitarian influence. In speaking of Darwin's attitude towards his critics, Mr. Hawkins said: "Amid all the conflict of controversy, of praise and blame, he went on his way calmly, confidently. His answers were courteous, nobly free from anger or resentment. He put his faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, and felt that he could afford to wait for his vindication. He was a freeman of the Empire of Truth, and he was confident that those who raised their voices the loudest in condemnation would one day be themselves freed by the same power." In summing up the lessons of these four teachers, Mr. Hawkins said: "The lives of these great men of the last century are a challenge to us all. What one man can do all can do in their own particular measure. We cannot all enrich the world with beautiful pictures; we cannot all be political reformers; still less can we all sing such songs as the great poets have left us, songs of hope and faith; and few are privileged to read Nature's book as clearly as Darwin read it; but, then, these are not the things we are called to do. These were great each in his own particular place, we can be as great in our own. We are all called to be workers in the world, workers together with God."

**Manchester: Longsight.**—Mr. Charles Wright, superintendent of the Sunday School in connection with the Free Christian Church, Longsight, conducted service for the Rev. Henry Dudley, while he was on holiday, at the Ancoats Congregational Church, Manchester. On several previous occasions Mr. Wright has spoken to the people in the Ancoats Church.

**Saffron Walden.**—On Sunday, 15th inst., the 198th anniversary of the General Baptist Chapel was commemorated by special services conducted by the Pastor. Morning subject: Ezra viii. 36, "Furthering the Cause"; evening: Mark i. 21, "How Jesus spent His Sabbaths." Much disappointment was felt because the Rev. W. H. Smith, of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, who was to have been present, was kept away by serious illness in his home.

## NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

WE are glad to notice the name of Miss Dorothy Tarrant in the list of successful candidates in the recent M.A. examination in Classics of the London University, with a special mark of distinction in Ancient Philosophy.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Journal*, states that Count Leo Tolstoy has definitely accepted the invitation extended to him to attend the Peace Congress to be held at Stockholm. His health is such that he is quite capable of making the journey, although for years he has not quitted his estate at Yasnaya Polnia. Count Tolstoy is engaged in the preparation of a long address which he will deliver at the Congress, and which will, it is expected, produce a great impression amongst the leaders of European thought.

"CHICAGO has honoured itself," says *Unity*, "and justified its prophetic reputation in placing Mrs. Ella F. Young at the head of its public school system by the unanimous vote of the Board of Education. Mrs. Young won her place not on account of being a woman, but in spite of being a woman. Her career as an educator is a story full of inspiration. Beginning literally in the primary grades she won her way up through every position in the public school system, stopping meanwhile to occupy a pedagogical chair in the University of Chicago, winning a doctor's degree and successfully superintending the Cook County Normal School. No more fitting nomination could have been made from the standpoint of pedagogical wisdom, and no more strategic movement could have obtained from the standpoint of practical politics. Mrs. Young will



unify the forces inside and outside, will raise the patriotic spirit to a high degree, and will bring into the service of the schools a mind undistracted by outside ambitions and un-intimidated by ignoble motives, partisan considerations, or political prejudices."

ANSWERING a question in Parliament last week, the Lord Advocate for Scotland, Mr. Ure, revealed the fact that the arrests for drunkenness in Scotland during May and June of this year were markedly fewer compared with those in the same months of 1907 and 1908. The number of apprehensions in May and June of this year were 2,965 and 2,872. Last year the figures were 4,361 and 4,404, and in 1907, 4,744 and 4,770. The committals to prison were 1,138 in May and 1,134 in June, as against 1,578 and 1,742 in the corresponding months of 1908, and 1,664 and 1,604 in 1907. Here is to be seen a striking effect of the new whisky duty in diminishing drunkenness and crime over the Border. The Budget resolutions, raising the duty on whisky and consequently the retail price, were passed on April 29. During the two following months of May and June, the lessened consumption following on the rise in price brought down the apprehensions for drunkenness by 32 per cent., and the committals to prison by 28 per cent. This reduction continued into the month of June, 1909, and even made further progress, the reduction both in apprehensions for drunkenness and in committals to prison during that month being 31 per cent. as compared with June, 1908. The fall can only be traceable to the rise in the price of spirits consequent on the Budget, and so marked and sudden a reduction in drunkenness is certainly remarkable and encouraging.

THE prohibition wave which has extended over a great part of the United States during the past twelve months (says a New York press correspondent) is resulting in a desperate struggle this summer between the religious forces and the keepers of gambling clubs and saloons. All over the country leaders of various denominations have been getting together during the past six months, and they have immensely strengthened the Anti-Saloon League, which is credited with eliminating 1,000 liquor saloons every month last year in the United States. The eastern section of the League fell upon Atlantic City last Friday, and in that most popular bathing resort set about a comprehensive visitation of the drink shops. They were aided by the Lord's Day Alliance, whose preachers served as sentinels at the doors of every café and suspected saloon to see what business was being carried on. Many of them were hustled by the saloon-keepers and their patrons, and the police were extremely slack in their support of the clergymen. The consequence was that many of the sentinels were removed forcibly. They claim, however, that they gathered sufficient evidence to enable them to secure the arrest of hundreds. The liquor men have subscribed £10,000 for legal defence.

ACCORDING to a letter received from Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., by the Secretary of the Bar Tenders' Union, barmen, barmaids, and public-house managers are to get the benefits of the first part of the Shop Hours Bill, which promises a sixty-hour week to shop assistants. The barmen of Manchester and Liverpool are stated to average at present eighty-five working hours per week. The Bar Tenders' Union is now making a vigorous effort to have the living-in system abolished. "It is no part of our business to quarrel with brewers," stated an official of the union to a press representative last Thursday. "we are glad, however, that Parliamentary action is to put an end to the long hours worked by barmen. They stand alone as the hardest worked men in the kingdom, for in addition to their long hours of labour they have to please three masters—the brewers, the police, and the public—and this is no easy task. The change will come easiest in the firm which Colonel Hall Walker, M.P., represents. It will mean there but a drop of twelve hours. But in other firms in Liverpool and Manchester it will mean that some men will work thirty to forty hours less per week. It will be the most notable revolution in working-class conditions which has occurred in our time."

## THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1909 MODEL.

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1909 Model, for 2/6 each 2/6

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive:—"It is by far the best of the kind I have ever used."



THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium-pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 5/6

Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers, THE RED LION MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 71, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

### Board and Residence.

**BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.**—Charming Guest House.—Miss V. A. BLAND receives Paying Guests at her well-appointed house, a delightful old Mansion, standing in park, 15 acres, near Durdham Downs and trams. Tennis, croquet, Badminton; Swedish gymnasium, garage, stabling. Excursions by boat and rail. References exchanged. Terms from 35s.—Henley Grove, Henleaze, Bristol.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—Elvaston, West Cliff, BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT. Unrivalled position on sea front, close to the Highcliff Hotel. 50 rooms. Full-sized billiard tables. Lovely grounds, with access to Cliff Promenade. Due south. Near Unitarian Church. Illustrated Tariff.—Apply Mrs. and Mr. POCOCK.

**ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.**—"Cranstock," 59, Warrior-square. First-class BOARD AND RESIDENCE; most comfortable throughout. Sea View, excellent cuisine, billiard and smoke room, sanitary certificate.—Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY P. POTTER.

**LANGLEY HOUSE, DAWLISH, L. S. DEVON.** Ladies as guests. Special advantages for girls visiting alone. Consumptives not admitted. From 35s. weekly.—Prospectus from Miss JONES.

**SOUTHPORT.—APARTMENTS, 20, Avondale - road.**—Pleasantly situated, near to Promenade and Lord-street.—Misses FIELDEN.

**MORECAMBE BAY.**—Comfortable Apartments near sea and West End Pier. Terms on application.—Mrs. WHITEHEAD, 3, Westminster-road.

**LOW GREEN HOUSE, Thoraby, Aysgarth, S. O., Yorks.** Paying guests received. Lovely scenery.—Full particulars on application, enclosing stamped envelope to Miss SMITH.

**HAMPSTEAD (near TUBE).**—Guests received. Comfortable home; large house, garden; reasonable terms.—GUEST, c/o Bellis, Downshire-hill, N.W.

**STAMFORD HILL, N.**—Refined HOME offered to teachers or others in private family. Garden. Moderate Terms.—44, Cranwich-road.

Established 120 years.

**M. & J. WING,**  
Jericho Works, SHEFFIELD.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Steel for all purposes, Files, Hammers and General Tools.

Enquiries respectfully solicited.

**KNITTER'S SALE!**—Ladies' black ribbed cashmere stockings, all pure wool, special size for small feet. Sale price, 1/2; 3 pairs 3/3 post free. State size boot. Money back if desired.—CLARK, 18, Clarence-street, York.

## KINGSLEY HOTEL

(TEMPERANCE),

HART ST., BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.

Near the British Museum.

This well-appointed and commodious Hotel has passenger Lift; Electric Light in all Rooms; Bathrooms on every Floor; Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Smoking and Billiard Rooms; Lounge; All Floors Fireproof; Perfect Sanitation; Night Porter. Telephone. Bedrooms (including attendance) from 3s. 6d. to 6s. per night. Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Dinner, from 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per day.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application. Telegraphic Address "Bookcraft," London.

Telegrams: "Platefuls, London."

Telephone: 3399 Gerrard

## THE NEWTON HOTEL, HIGH HOLBORN.

Opposite British Museum Station. 12 minutes' walk from the City Temple. The centre of the Tube Railways, Shops, and Amusements. Handsome public rooms. Electric light throughout. Room, bath, and breakfast, 4s. 6d. Inclusive terms, £2 2s. per week.

Personal Supervision of Proprietresses.

## The Inquirer.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

### SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.

To all parts of the World:—

	s.	d.
PER QUARTER ... ..	1	8
PER HALF-YEAR ... ..	3	4
PER YEAR ... ..	6	6

One Shilling per year extra will be charged if credit is taken.

### TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	s.	d.
PER COLUMN ... ..	2	0
INCH IN COLUMN ... ..	0	3
FRONT PAGE—INCH IN COLUMN	0	4

Special Terms for a Series.

Appeals, 6d. per line. Repeated matter, 3d. per line.

Calendar Notices, 10/- per year, for two lines; extra lines, 4d. each.

Births, Marriages, Deaths, 6d. per line. Minimum charge 1/6.

Situations Vacant and Wanted, 20 words 1/-. 30 words 1/6. 40 words 2/-. Second insertion and after, half-price.

Advertisements should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

All payments in respect to THE INQUIRER to be made to E. KENNEDY, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Printed by UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by E. KENNEDY, at the Office, 3, Essex-street Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agent, JOHN HEYWOOD, 20 to 26, Lamba Conduit-street, W.C. Manchester (Wholesale), JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.—Saturday, August 21, 1909.